the weekly
Standard

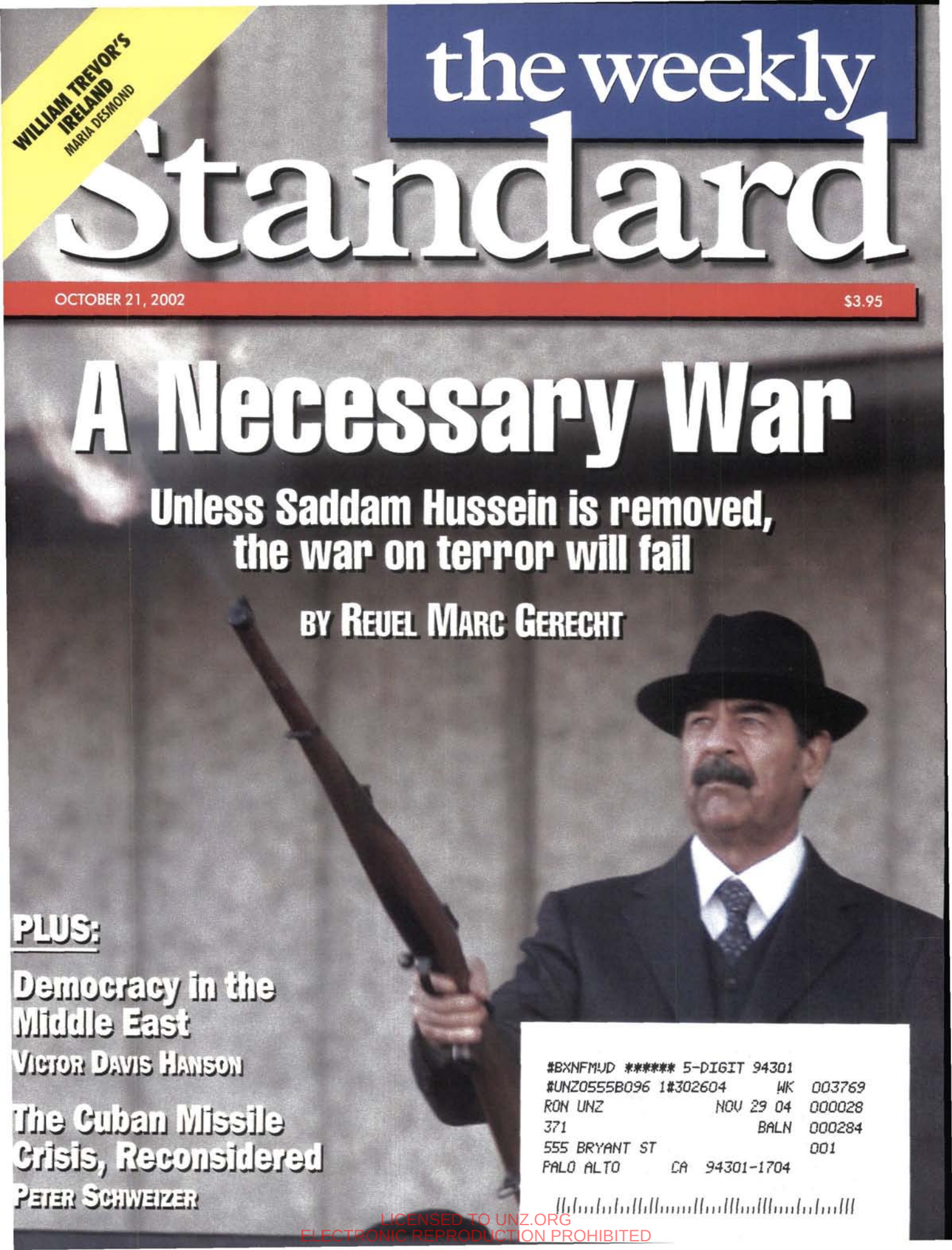
OCTOBER 21, 2002 $3.95

WILLIAM TREVOR'S IRELAND
MARIA DESMOND

A Necessary War

Unless Saddam Hussein is removed, the war on terror will fail

BY REUEL MARC GERECHT



PLUS:

Democracy in the Middle East
VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

The Cuban Missile Crisis, Reconsidered
PETER SCHWEIZER

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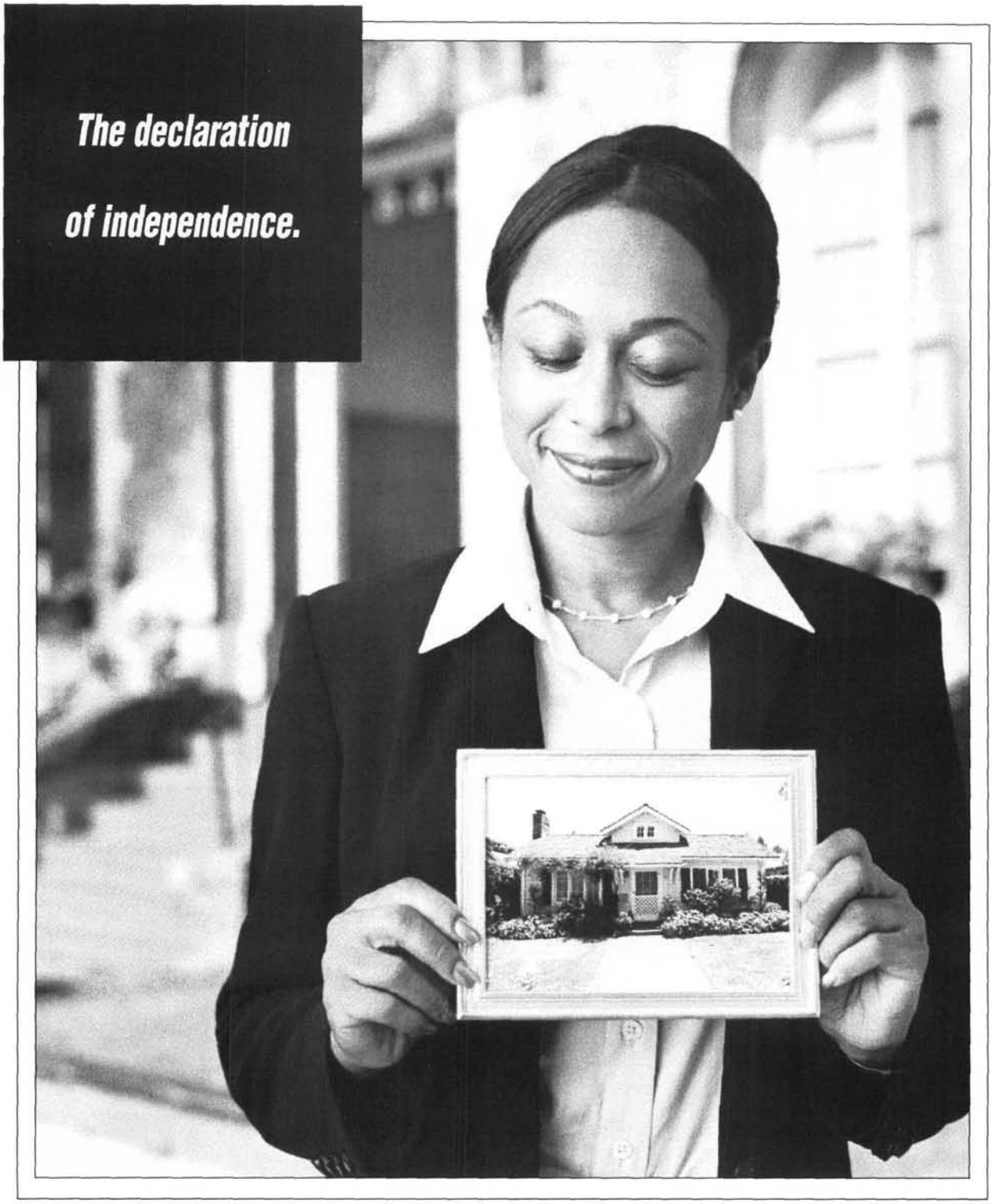

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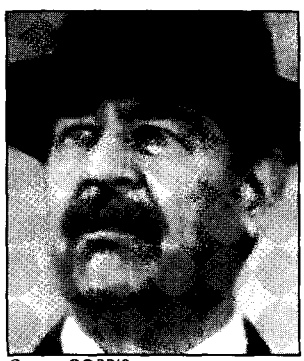

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For Whom the Nobel Tolls

The only mystery surrounding Jimmy Carter's Nobel Peace Prize is how it could possibly have taken the sanctimonious Norwegians this long to hand out their badly devalued award to the sanctimonious former president. Face it, they were made for each other—the president who wanted America to get over its "inordinate fear of communism" and the Scandinavians who never met a Soviet fellow traveler they didn't want to throw a cocktail reception for and shower with several hundred thousand tax-exempt Swedish crowns.

The specter that haunts the Nobelists is that the Roman Legions might have known more about the ways of the world ("if you want peace, prepare for war") than the New Seekers ("I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony"). So to scan the list of prize winners is to witness, in effect, a decades-long tantrum.

This year's prize, for instance, was less about Carter's good works than it was about sending a message of disapproval to George W. Bush. Gunnar Berge, chairman of the Nobel committee, said the award "should be interpreted as a criticism of the line that the current administration has taken. . . . It's a kick in the leg to all that follow the same line as the United States," he said. A peaceful kick, we suppose.

Ten years ago, the award winner was an obscure Guatemalan Indian activist, Rigoberta Menchú, whose turgid memoir of oppression, *I, Rigoberta Menchú*, after being inflicted on a generation of unsuspecting anthropology students, turned out to be full of lies (not that this disqualifies you for the anthropology core curriculum). Why Rigoberta? To send a message of Oslo's disapproval (500 years after the fact) of the Christopher Columbus conquest project.

Ditto the award in 1985 to the fellow-traveling "International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War"—that was Oslo's kick in the leg to Ronald Reagan, who did more for world peace in eight years than the dynamite-fortune grandees probably ever will.

Did we mention that Yasser Arafat, Europe's pet terrorist, won one too?

Yes, yes, we know. So did Lech Walesa and Mother Teresa. Even a blind pig sometimes finds a truffle. ♦

Obesity Conflab

At a gathering of the United Fresh Fruit & Vegetable Association last month, Tommy Thompson fired a salvo at the fast-food industry. America's kids are getting too tubby, the Health and Human Services secretary observed, because they are "bombarded with ads for every imaginable kind of fast food."

It was supposed to be a throwaway line, an HHS source says, the kind of sop any self-respecting politician makes to interest groups. But it got Thompson thinking (which can be a dangerous proposition for a cabinet secretary with too little on his plate) that there might be some good publicity in going after the fast-food industry.

To that end, Thompson's office is trying to round up some fast-food executives for a meeting on America's "obesity epidemic," scheduled for this Tuesday, Oct. 15. Nothing's concrete yet, but HHS spitballing has produced some stomach-turning ideas, such as requiring chains to offer fruits and salads, slapping health warning labels on burger wrappings, and even instituting a federal "portion control." Whether that last bit means regulating how big a taco can be or how many can be sold to a single customer we're not sure.

Needless to say, the fast-food folks aren't thrilled with the ideas. "We can put broccoli on the menu all day long," says an industry source, "but it doesn't mean that people are going to buy that s—t."

Before Thompson launches another nutrition crusade—even one aimed at a juicy target like fast-food purveyors—a little self-examination might be in order. Researchers are increasingly ambivalent about the government's ongoing anti-fat crusade, now entering its third decade of failure. Indeed, the collective nightmare of the nutrition establishment, as Gary Taubes has described it in authoritative accounts for *Science* magazine and the *New York Times*, is that "their very own dietary recommendations—eat less fat and more carbohydrates—are the cause of the rampaging epidemic of obesity in America."

The perverse if satisfying conclusion: We might all be a little bit better off if the government paid less heed to how we eat. ♦

An Alert Too Far

Two bills that propose spending millions to establish a national "Amber Alert" are barreling through Congress with enthusiastic support from both parties. At a glance, the proposal seems to fit nicely with hot lunch for orphans on the list of government programs everyone can support: Under

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the Amber Alert system (named for a 9-year-old Texas girl, Amber Hagerman, who was kidnapped and murdered in 1996), local and regional media quickly and relentlessly broadcast descriptions of missing children. The system scored an impressive success when two teenage girls kidnapped at gunpoint from a Lancaster, California, lover's lane in August returned home alive. But expanding it would probably do little more than squander tax dollars while creating a national rash of false alarms.

Kidnapping simply isn't a major problem in the United States. While self-proclaimed advocates bandy about statistics claiming that 5,000 children are kidnapped each year, nearly all of them—including four that have resulted in the activation of California's Amber Alert system since August—are caught in custody disputes. Under most state laws, simply returning a child late in a joint custody situation is technically a kidnapping.

In 2001 the entire United States saw 93 kidnappings where strangers snatched children intending to keep them, a decrease from 200-300 a year through the 1980s and early 1990s. Through August of 2002, only 40 were reported. (By comparison, at least 350 people are struck by lightning each year.) Even in large cities, children rarely get kidnapped: The New York City Police Department currently has fewer than 10 open kidnapping cases from the past 25 years.

Kidnappings with ransom demands, meanwhile, have one of the highest arrest rates of any crime: Well over 80 percent. Sexually motivated kidnappings by strangers, which happen at least a few hundred times each year, are more common but only rarely result in children's deaths. Preventing them requires keeping pedophiles locked away: No alert can act quickly enough to stop them.

Meanwhile, for dramatic kidnappings like the one in Lancaster, we already have a nationwide alert system of sorts—it's called cable TV news, and it happily provides enormous publicity even without a federal program. ♦

And Another Thing ...

We were going to swear off *New York Times* items for a couple of weeks; really, we were. But a reader wrote in to chide us for always going after bias and neglecting a "more fundamental problem—bad writing." True enough. The name Sisyphus mean anything to you, Bub?

Anyway, our correspondent offered this egregiously mangled metaphor from the paper's Oct. 7 sports pages: "For a week, the St. Louis Cardinals' Tony La Russa added to his legend as baseball's top brain brawler, using a mind as sharp as knitting needles to troubleshoot his team's way through the defending World Series champion Arizona Diamondbacks."

We're gonna put that in our pipe and chew on it till next week. ♦

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Casual

Down and Out in Vegas

Somehow, my ability to pay for a cab back to McCarran International airport depended entirely on the Philadelphia Eagles' beating the Jacksonville Jaguars by more than three points. The weekend wasn't supposed to end this way. Why not? Well, because I had had this "feeling."

I was in Las Vegas with my girlfriend, Carrie, for her cousin's wedding. The wedding was splendid, so at least that part of the weekend went well.

But I might have known how things would end up when I went to check into my hotel. The Luxor didn't have a registration for any Hayes, other than "Rocky" Hayes. So when The Weekly Standard tried to fax an edited copy of last week's piece, it went to Rocky. Only one problem with that. Rocky had cancelled. I got a message on my cell phone from an editorial assistant, wondering if "Rocky Hayes" was (a) my brother or (b) my Vegas persona. This should've been a sign.

At any time, in any casino, you're likely to run into someone who thinks he has the place figured out. My first such encounter came on Friday afternoon at the Monte Carlo, when I happened upon The Roulette Expert. I was surprised to see that someone who knew how to beat the odds had a well-feathered mullet and was wearing a NASCAR T-shirt and jeans. I suppose I'd expected someone who looked like Wayne Newton or Danny DeVito. In any case, I listened intently as he instructed his friends, who, unlike The Expert, were laying down several hundred dollars with each spin of the wheel.

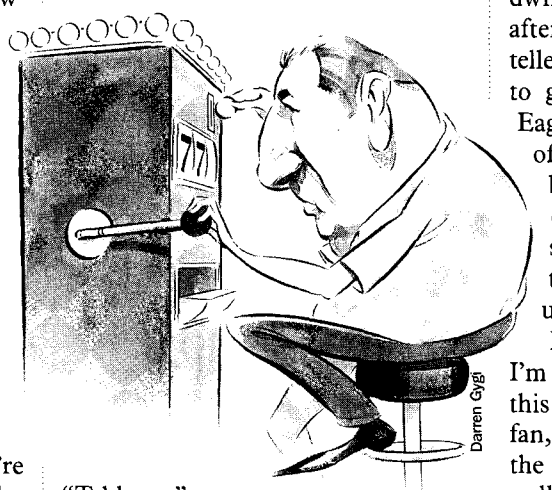
"I'm telling you, there's a pattern," he insisted, eyeballing the lighted board showing four reds in a row. "Black. I guarantee it."

He was not discouraged when the ball settled comfortably on a red number. "Yeah, it was either that time or the next one," he explained to a friend who, judging from the $500 he then laid on the table, was buying this line. "Black," said The Expert. "No doubt."

Red.

Four more times, The Expert promised a black winner only to have the ball land on red. Finally, the fifth time, the ball landed on black.

"See," he said with obvious pride.



Darren Gygi

"Told you."

I left that scene feeling vastly superior to these poor fools who had clearly abandoned any ability to reason they had brought with them. I meandered over to an empty blackjack table—carefully chosen for its lucky location.

Having allotted myself $100 to gamble with for the day, I realized within two minutes that going one-on-one with a dealer means you win or lose at a faster pace than is the case with a table full of players. (Genius, I know.) Four minutes after I sat down, my dealer, Frank, said his first words to me. "Wow, that was fast," he uttered with a smirk. "Better luck next time."

I stopped, turned around, and fired back. "At least I don't have to wear a glittery vest on my job, jackass."

(Okay, I made that last part up. But that would have been a $100 line, right?)

And so the whole weekend went. I tried craps, horse racing, football parlays—all with the same result. The only time I won was when I put $20 down on the Wisconsin-Penn State game. But even that was only half a victory. I had correctly picked Penn State, but being a Wisconsin native, I'd really wanted the Badgers to win.

Late Sunday afternoon, I was sitting on the ticket that would pay me $18.31 if the Philadelphia Eagles beat the Jacksonville Jaguars by at least a field goal. In terms of actual cash, though, I had precisely $1.08. I'm not sure exactly how my winnings had dwindled to that paltry sum. But, after calling my bank's automated teller line, I realized there was no way to get more money (except by an Eagles victory). Carrie, too, was out of cash. Which was a shame, because I had this feeling that if only I could get my hands on some dollars—just enough to hit the slot machines for a few minutes—I'd walk away a winner.

I've never liked the Eagles, and I'm usually happy when they lose. On this day, however, I was a huge Eagles fan, cheering louder than anyone in the Luxor sports book when they did well, and cursing their every failure. (I should probably point out that my $10 on the game was almost certainly the lowest amount wagered by any of the three hundred people in the room.) The Eagles lost. By the end of the game, they had become my least favorite NFL team.

After we spent several minutes seeking answers to highly embarrassing questions—Do cabs take credit cards? Can you wire money on a Sunday?—Carrie found $20 in her purse and we were off to the airport.

It's tempting to say I'll never return to Vegas. But I know better. I'll be there again and soon. And next time I'll win. I just have this feeling.

Stephen F. Hayes

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Germany's Growing Pains

Thank you for Christopher Caldwell's excellent piece on "The Angry Adolescent of Europe" (Oct. 7). Caldwell accurately identifies a resurgence of German nationalism disguised as pacifist internationalism.

Popular anti-American resentment has been manifest in Germany for decades, and certainly predates unification. It was only a matter of time before the political class tapped it openly. During my tour in the 1980s, in Fulda no less, you had only to scratch the surface (if you were German-speaking and lived "on the economy") to detect a broad grass-roots and mostly irrational anti-Americanism that crossed all class and political lines. Only the most cosmopolitan of Germans, or the most abjectly dependent on American forces, did not share it, at least to some extent. There was a nice bit of latent anti-Semitism, too.

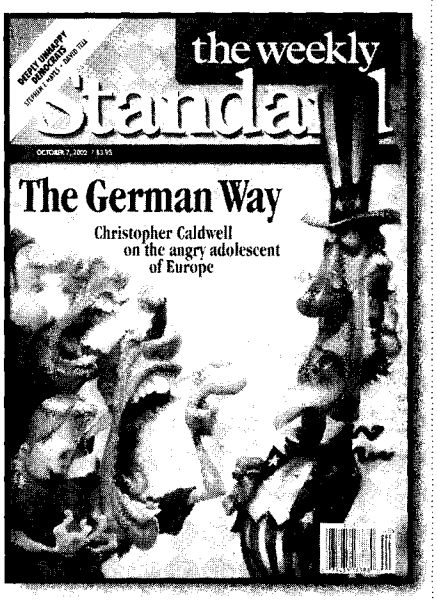
German nationalism has been oppositional in nature since Bismarck. In the 1860s and 1870s against Austria and France, respectively. In the early 1900s against Britain, and in the 1930s against the Soviet Union and, of course, "world Jewry." It was inevitable that it would resurface as an oppositional movement against a world power seen as threatening German prerogatives.

Jonathan F. Keiler
Bowie, MD

As a retired professor of American literature from Philadelphia who has been living in the former East Germany since 1998, I find Christopher Caldwell's gloss on the present situation in Germany the most cogent I have read since I got here. Now married to an Ossie (the local slang for an East Berliner), I have had a close-up view of how her relatives adjusted to life before and after unification.

It would be a mistake, however, to thoughtlessly knock German social welfare policies. American policymakers are too glib about the superiority of their fire-and-hire license to the German safety net. Much of the violence which troubles Americans derives rather directly from the chaotic economic and social lives our lower classes endure. Perhaps now that the middle and even upper-middle classes have experienced the painful results of Enron-type buccaneers, we will begin to see the value of a generous safety net. It is a disgrace that so many millions have no health insurance at all in the richest country on earth. What Germans resent most of all is the arrogance of Americans who regard themselves as the All Time Hit on Humanity's Hit Parade.

Americans' insolent rejection of all the initiatives Europeans have painfully contrived on the environment, international crime, and mollifying the crudest effects of nonstop globalization is unacceptably juvenile. America is acting like an adolescent trying to prove who's the



toughest on the global playground. The mature parts of American heritage reveal this is not only unworthy of us but extremely counterproductive for our own continued hegemony.

Patrick D. Hazard
Weimar, Germany

Christopher Caldwell's article on "Europe's adolescent" made me ponder why almost everyone seemed surprised at the recent behavior of the Schröder government.

The recent victory of Schröder, the newest of Germany's *führers*, ought to be no surprise at all and might have been expected if we Americans learned from history.

Like its southern neighbor, France, Germany was once the hegemon of continental Europe. Since it held that position in the past it assumes it ought to hold that position today. In addition, the philosophers who did the most to shape national thought preached a form of socialism and rejected "the voice of the mob" or—as we know it—democracy.

So the actions and words of the Schröder administration in Berlin should be no surprise at all. The surprise ought to be that the Bush administration continues to staff an embassy in Germany as well as maintain a number of troops there. There simply ought not be a United States embassy in either Germany or France and neither country should house a single member of the American armed forces.

That would speak in a language that all Europeans understand.

Bill Kelly
Dundas, MN

Christians in Jerusalem

David Gelernter should know that the Christian entitlement to "butt in" on matters relating to Jerusalem rests on more than the events related in the Gospels of the New Testament ("A New Synagogue in the Old City," Oct. 7).

Christians have lived continuously in Jerusalem since the first century. From the end of the fourth century to the Muslim conquest in the seventh century, Jerusalem was a Christian city, and even after the establishment of a Muslim kingdom in the region (whose capital was not Jerusalem), Christians remained the majority in the city for centuries.

Though political events in the twentieth century have brought about a precipitous decline in the Christian population of Jerusalem, Christians who are natives of Jerusalem and still inhabit the city (and other Christians both because of the community in Jerusalem as well as the city's spiritual and historical significance for Christianity) have a stake in its future.

Robert Louis Wilken
Professor, History of Christianity
University of Virginia
Washington, DC

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Ron Kirk: Exposed

I was truly disappointed to find that Fred Barnes's "The Emerging Democratic Texas?" (Oct. 7) repeated as truth some of the uncritical analysis others in the media have offered on Ron Kirk's views on national issues.

For example, Barnes flatly states that Kirk has endorsed President Bush's tax cuts. Yet this is far from clear. In fact, many of Kirk's statements during the primaries suggest he is critical of the president's tax relief agenda. More recently, Kirk was quoted in the *Dallas Morning News* as saying that we have to make sure the tax cuts "don't go into effect" until we have "the resources" to pay for them. In early September, he was quoted by the Associated Press as saying of the Bush tax cut agenda: "It is confusing. I don't want to be hemmed into a box." AP described him as "sidestepping" questions on the tax cuts. All this evinces a Daschle-esque inclination to revisit the Bush tax cuts, not an endorsement of them.

Moreover, Barnes failed to note important instances where Kirk has unequivocally sided with the hard left. For instance, he did not mention that Kirk opposed Priscilla Owen's now dead nomination to the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

It is opaque statements on taxes and concrete positions such as opposition to Priscilla Owen, and not the Cornyn camp's attempt to label Kirk a liberal, that will cause Kirk's defeat if publicized. Readers can find rehashed versions of the Kirk campaign's press releases from writers at publications like the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, and the *New Yorker*. They expect and deserve something more from The Weekly Standard.

John Sepehri
Dallas, TX

Democrats in the Fog

There are quite a few once-loyal Democrats like myself who just can't imagine what happened to the party or so many of its erstwhile allies. We can only shake our heads in disbelief at the antics so well described by David Brooks in his insightful "The Fog of Peace" (Sept. 30).

I've watched and listened to Noam Chomsky and Michael Moore go on about all the things that are wrong with America, and I often agree. But they're utterly useless in offering any positive, realistic alternatives either at home or abroad. Their routine prescriptions always demand some version of national suicide occasioned by our irremediable evil.

They remind me of the class clowns who could be so funny and subversive in junior high. They may be dead-on in their criticisms or hilarious in their mocking contempt, but they're ultimately good for nothing but disruption. They have nothing constructive to say, but they say it well and often.

Simon Schama's book about the French Revolution, *Citizens*, is most chilling for revealing how ultimately petty were the causes of the bloodletting and terror that resulted. They turn out to be vested interests threatened by the king's liberalizing policies, the proliferation of scorning humor at the government's expense, and careerism masked as selfless humanitarianism.

The criticisms Schama offered in the *Guardian* article Brooks dissects aren't without merit, but so what? We still need to crush a series of vile enemies who are trying to destroy America specifically and Western civilization generally. Those enemies are no doubt heartened by the condemnation of Schama and his ilk, all so prone to endless, self-contradictory sniping.

I don't mind that President Bush's favorite book is *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, just so long as he can keep his gaze focused on those who wish to destroy us.

As for those others? Like Brooks says, they're blinded by the fog of peace.

Terry Mulgannon
Benicia, CA

Pearls Before Swine

It is a good thing Joseph Epstein declined the invitation to teach an adult education class ("An Offer I Could Refuse," Oct. 7). What a downer for people eager to enjoy the pleasures of the mind to have a teacher who apparently believes it would be casting pearls before swine to have anyone other than bright young college students reading the world's great literature!

But I wonder at exactly what age Epstein believes we should no longer try to learn things which might not be "put to good use"?

I want to know, because when I visit him in some nursing home in the not-so-distant future I most assuredly don't want to bring him a good book in violation of his premise that a box of candy would be so much more appropriate.

Joan D. Levin
Chicago, IL

Cold Feet at 20,000 Feet

Come on Scrapbook, take it easy on my man Ed Burns for telling his fiancée he wouldn't go to Europe to marry her because he was "scared to fly" (Sept. 30). His claim to suffer from fear of flying ranks up there with John Belushi's citing "locusts" as the reason he left his fiancée waiting at the altar in the movie *Blues Brothers*. It should be remembered and honored as a classic male excuse for avoiding marriage.

I give kudos to Burns for successfully pulling off the great escape with some good old Irish wit!

Thomas J. Rooney
West Point, NY

• • •

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the weekly Standard

The State of the Democrats

"A few weeks ago, we were doing some work on my back porch back home, tearing out a section of old stacked rocks, when all of a sudden I uncovered a nest of copperhead snakes. . . . A copperhead will kill you. It could kill one of my dogs. It could kill one of my grandchildren; they play all the time where I found those killers. You know, when I discovered those copperheads, I did not call my wife Shirley for advice, as I usually do on most things. I did not go before the city council. I did not yell for help from my neighbors. I just took a hoe and knocked them in the head and killed them, dead as a doorknob.

"I guess you could call it unilateral action—a preemptive strike."

—Zell Miller (D-GA) in the Senate, October 3, arguing for the use of force against Iraq

Until now, this magazine has found very little to praise in the Democratic party's contribution to the national debate over a U.S. "preemptive strike" against Saddam Hussein's regime in Baghdad. And our complaints have not simply, perhaps not even essentially, concerned the bottom-line philosophical and practical questions at issue.

Our own answers to those questions are hardly a secret, of course. THE WEEKLY STANDARD believes that Iraq presents a situation in which traditional policies of containment have become infeasible and therefore dangerous. We think preemptive action against that country's weapons of mass destruction is necessary sooner rather than later. We consider President Bush's promise to take such action, with or without the formal sanction of "international opinion," a brave and wise one. And we find all the most commonly circulating arguments to the contrary singularly unpersuasive.

Oddly enough, though, we have not found those arguments circulating all-that-commonly, or fervently, within the Democratic party. Yes, Jimmy Carter still walks among us, vulgar as always, cheerfully accepting a Nobel Peace Prize tendered explicitly as a rebuke to our current president. And, yes, there is Al Gore, similarly remote from contemporary relevance, insisting that he could do better than Bush on Iraq (but declining to tell us exactly how). Yes, too, a certain rheumatoid disapproval for non-humanitarian exercises of American military muscle is still current in the Democratic party's "intellectual" base—in the media, and in the academy. And yes, undeniably, among congressional Democrats, especially in the House of Representatives, there does exist what still deserves to be called an "anti-war left." Fringe elements of which are still prepared outright to deny the threat posed by continued Baathist rule and proclaim *America* the aggressor in the Persian Gulf. But the key word here is "fringe." Reps. David Bonior and Jim McDermott—what with their Lord Haw-Haw pilgrimage to Baghdad and Basra—aren't exactly the Democratic party norm.

So our principal gripe, and the Democratic party's fundamental foreign-policy problem, has not so much been that they are "wrong" about Iraq. We have blamed them, instead, for something like cowardice. For not even daring to be wrong. For refusing to declare themselves about what's right to do, and trying their damnedest to change the subject. For shrinking from shared responsibility, with their Republican colleagues and with a Republican president, to fashion a credible American response to what most Democrats have all along conceded is—in Saddam and his ilk—a new and grave global danger.

But that was before. A great many congressional Democrats *have* since declared themselves on the subject of Iraq—during the week-long congressional debate culminating in last Thursday's House and Senate votes to authorize renewed U.S. military action there. It seems only fair, then, with benefit of this fresh evidence, to revisit the charge of cowardice, and ask again: How is the Democratic party doing?

Faintest praise, if any, goes to those Democrats who last week did finally dare to be wrong—and were. Sen. Robert Byrd was by far the worst of them, wronger, and louder about it, than anyone else. Much of what he said was incoherent. The rest was an embarrassment; Byrd at one point compared the president to Hermann Göring. Then there were men like Sen. Kennedy, who argued, without equivocation, that any preemptive military strike by one nation against another—Pearl Harbor was the example he offered

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—"flies in the face of international rules of acceptable behavior." Absent an "imminent" threat to American lives, Kennedy concluded, U.S. action against Saddam Hussein will constitute "imperialism" and will therefore "deprive America of the moral legitimacy necessary to promote our values." It is a point of view, we suppose.

And it is reassuring, we further suppose, that Kennedy's point of view seems not very widely held. Neither he nor any other senator so much as bothered to introduce an alternative measure that would have blocked the president from conducting a renewed assault in the Persian Gulf. Over in the House, 70 Democrats, a third of their party's caucus, did vote "aye" to such a proposal: a substitute amendment expressing support for an exclusively "diplomatic" solution. But nearly twice that many House Democrats directly rejected this diplomacy option. And an even larger number of them cast approving votes for the "Spratt amendment," which blessed near-term U.S. military participation in a renewed U.N. disarmament campaign—and held open the possibility of unilateral American force should such a campaign be thwarted or fail to materialize.

Here things get tricky, though. The Spratt amendment, like the "Multilateral Use of Force Authorization Act" introduced by Michigan Democrat Carl Levin in the Senate, was a dodge—cowardice all over again. Both measures encouraged the U.N. to authorize and sponsor an armed, forceful effort against Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction, thereby implying that such an effort is urgently required. At the same time, neither proposal would have authorized unilateral *American* action, except in the event an "imminent" Iraqi threat should arise, presumably against the continental United States. Which implies no special urgency whatsoever. Democratic votes for the Spratt and Levin amendments, in other words, were Democratic votes for nothing in particular. That a majority of House Democrats came out this way (and voted against the relatively unrestricted use-of-force resolution that eventually passed) is no surprise. But it's a serious disappointment, just the same.

We note, however, that a fair number of veteran House Democrats who 11 years ago voted "no" to the first President Bush's Persian Gulf War—some 15 in all, minority leader Dick Gephardt among them—have switched their votes to "aye." Gephardt, indeed, unambiguously calls his 1991 vote a "mistake." We note, as well, and are happy to applaud the fact, that sentiment like Gephardt's, though not so candidly acknowledged, seems almost commonplace in the Democratic Senate. A clear majority of Democratic senators refused to endorse Carl Levin's "Multilateral Use of Force Authorization Act," as it happens. An even larger majority of them—29 of 50, including 12 who'd voted "no" in 1991—wound up supporting the final bill.

On balance, we call this progress.

And yet. One congressional debate, and the split-decision vote that follows it, are hardly an adequate basis on which to cast aside decades-old and well-justified doubts about the Democratic party as a dependable partner in the formulation of grown-up national security policy. None are so perfectly reptilian as Saddam Hussein, but the global landscape remains strewn with copperhead-snake regimes and other such outlaws—and still it is rare to find a congressional Democrat, like Sen. Zell Miller, who unhesitatingly and enthusiastically picks up a hoe to kill them. Even where Saddam is concerned, the Democratic party's backbone will be tested many times over the next few months. Sometime soon, the U.N. Security Council will speak its piece on Iraq, or fail to, and the United States will have to decide how best to proceed. If and when it comes to war, there will be casualties—and an Arab-world reaction, and other, unforeseeable but surely comparable challenges—and the United States will have to persevere. Meantime, here at home, no doubt the Democratic party will be sorely, constantly tempted to turn its attention to friendlier and more familiar issues than war and peace.

It would be best if they didn't. The country deserves, and at the moment very much needs, to have both major parties, not just the Republican one, engaged full-time—and unflinchingly—in a life-or-death international snake hunt.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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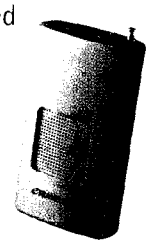

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Bush Speaks, Congress Salutes

How he routed his domestic opposition.

BY FRED BARNES

THE BUSH ROUT of his opponents on Iraq is nearly complete. In August, President Bush was beset with dissent inside his administration and criticism from Democrats and foreign allies. Now his aides are united, he's won overwhelming congressional approval for war with Iraq, and Great Britain is no longer alone as America's ally in likely military action against Saddam Hussein.

Along the way, four things happened. Bush made the case forcefully for regime change in Iraq. He flummoxed Democrats so thoroughly they haven't yet come up with a unified position on Iraq, much less one opposed to Bush's. He's touched base effectively with the United Nations, gathering allies behind new and intrusive arms inspections in Iraq, though perhaps not behind making war automatic when the inevitable happens and Iraq impedes inspectors. And Bush has exposed Saddam Hussein not merely as a tyrant, but as a uniquely evil threat to America, his own people, and the world.

To achieve all this, Bush staged one of the most impressive exercises of presidential power in modern times. He used all the tools at hand: the bully pulpit, TV, personal persuasion in the Oval Office, and the skillful deployment of top officials in his administration. And, not to be underestimated, there was sheer presidential bullheadedness. When a president takes a firm and defensible position and doesn't flinch, he normally prevails. In Bush's case, the position is that the only way to disarm Iraq of weapons of mass destruction (WMD) is by deposing Saddam Hussein and his henchmen. One telling result of Bush's full-throttle use of his presidency was a far greater percentage of Democratic support for his congressional war resolution than the elder President Bush won in 1991 after Iraq had invaded Kuwait.

Recall the state of play in August: As Bush sagged in polls and his Iraq policy drew criticism even from his father's national security adviser, Brent Scowcroft, Democrats were emboldened. Along with a few Republicans, they demanded Bush make the case for taking on Iraq. Their expectation was that a strong case could not be made, particularly by Bush. They were wrong. Two speeches on the anniversary of the September 11 attacks set the stage for Bush's powerful address to the United Nations. It stressed Saddam Hussein's defiance of U.N. resolutions and his increasingly threatening conduct. As it turned out, Bush saved material for another speech in Cincinnati last week: compelling intelligence information about Iraq's drive for WMDs, including nuclear weapons. Democratic critics responded with silence, except Sen. Robert Byrd of West Virginia, who claimed wrongly that there was nothing new in the speech.

Byrd, windy and self-indulgent, was but one example of Democratic self-destruction on Iraq. While some Democrats strongly backed Bush—Sens. Joe Lieberman, Evan Bayh, and Zell Miller, plus House minority leader Dick Gephardt, to name four—it was the critics who hogged media attention. Reps. Jim McDermott and David Bonior made fools of themselves by criticizing Bush from Baghdad. Having demanded Bush make the case, Democrats such as Sen. Barbara Boxer looked frantic when they suddenly asked, "Why now?" And in their eagerness to change the subject from Iraq to domestic issues, Democrats let politics intrude. Three of the smartest Democratic consultants—Stan Greenberg, James Carville, and Bob Shrum—offered advice in a seven-page memo on how Democrats could "present their [Iraq] positions effectively in a way that allows the election to move to domestic issues."

In an ideal world, the president wouldn't have to bother with the

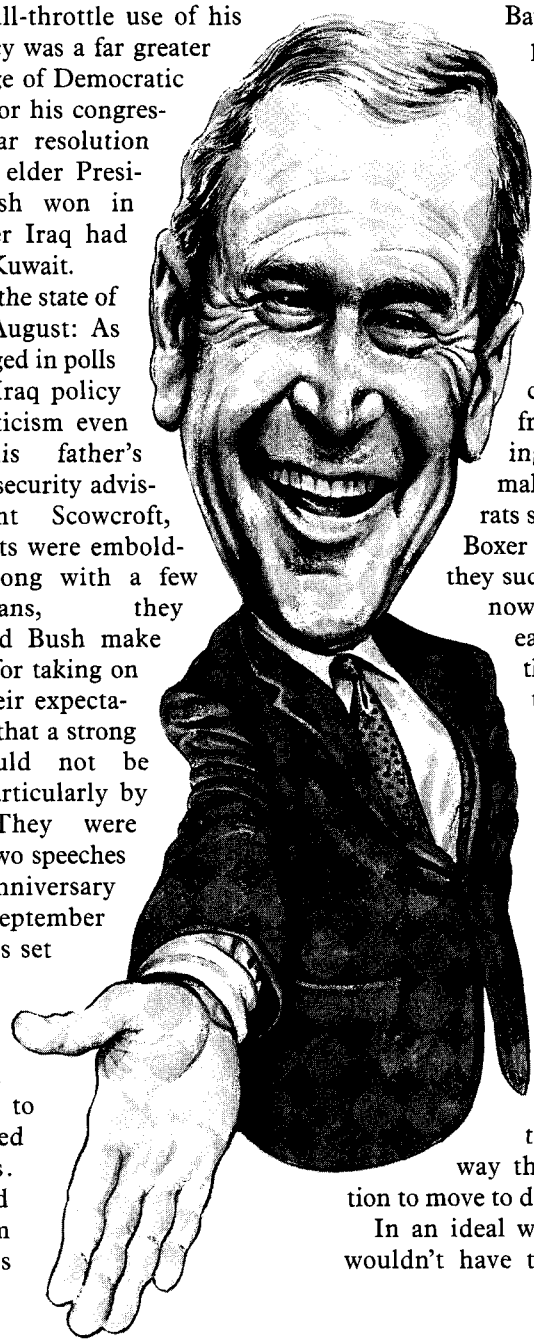

Illustration by Drew Friedman

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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United Nations. But consultations with foreign leaders over the summer led Bush to believe he'd be better off if his Iraq ticket were punched at the U.N. This means he must concern himself with the Security Council, whose members include Syria, China, and Guinea. But it doesn't mean he needs U.N. approval to go to war against Iraq. President Clinton didn't have it in 1999 for the war in Kosovo, and Bush critics like Bonior and Sen. Paul Wellstone didn't demand it then. For now, Bush is seeking serious inspections that include allowing interviews of witnesses outside Iraq and, as Bush said in Cincinnati, "these witnesses must be free to bring their families with them so they are all beyond the reach of Saddam Hussein's terror and murder." The idea is to put the Iraqi leader in a box: either accept arms inspections of unprecedented seriousness with thousands rather than hundreds of inspectors, or face a military attack.

Bush's easiest task was reminding the world of Saddam Hussein's acts of evil and the continuing threat he poses. In the division of labor between Bush and his most courageous ally, British prime minister Tony Blair, the job of issuing a white paper on Saddam Hussein went to Blair. Bush topped off the case in his Cincinnati address by pointing to Iraqi ties with the al Qaeda terrorist network and to satellite photos revealing "that Iraq is rebuilding facilities at sites that have been part of its nuclear program in the past."

So where do things stand now for Bush? Six weeks ago, a senior White House aide said Bush wanted to subject Saddam Hussein either to an American-led attack or to inspections so sweeping and coercive that his rule over Iraq would be shaken. Either way, he'd be doomed. At the moment, Bush is on the verge of having it one way or the other—real inspections or war. So I asked the aide if victory was at hand, at least in the non-military phase of the campaign against Iraq. The aide was too cautious to give the correct answer, which is yes. ♦

How Not to Nation-Build

The Europeans do their best to mess up the Balkans. BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

WITH ALL EYES currently focused on Iraq, the Balkans have mostly faded from view in Washington. This is unfortunate, for events are afoot in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Kosovo that starkly illustrate the rigors of nation-building. They demonstrate why, in effecting the liberation of Iraq, the United States should probably ignore the wishes of Europe—and in rebuilding the country afterward, should go it alone.

On October 5, Bosnian citizens went to the polls to elect their national parliament. In an outcome long predicted by many local folk but by few foreigners, Bosnian Muslim, Serb, and Croat ethnic parties swept the field. This result was viewed with dismay by the "international" bureaucracy that rules the country—dismay because these mainly European functionaries blame the 1992-95 Bosnian war not on Slobodan Milosevic and his Serbian Communist cadres in Belgrade, acting through the Yugoslav army and Bosnian Serb surrogates, but on an ethnic hatred they perceive as manifested equally in all three groups.

Western media commentary on the nationalist resurgence in the recent election was superficial and biased. Accusations that the Bosnian parties had caused the war were heard on many sides. In truth, the role of the Bosnian Muslim political leaders was almost exclusively defensive and even hesitant. The Croats too were originally victims of Serbia, although they eventually turned on the Muslims.

The true facts are not hard to find: They are being presented daily in the war crimes trial of Milosevic underway in The Hague. They unequivocally show the Bosnian Muslims to have been victims of Serbian terror. These facts the foreign administrative elite in Sarajevo ignores. To this elite, it is axiomatic that all nationalists are bad and all must share the guilt for the crimes in Bosnia.

Still, a legitimate question remains: Why have the Bosnians, seven years after the peace imposed by the Dayton Accord, voted for ethnic identity rather than a melting-pot? Some observers blamed a low voter turnout, with participation highest in smaller towns and rural villages where national feeling is strongest. But the nationalist revival and low urban interest in the election both point to the Bosnians' disgust with European shepherding—that is, with politically correct experimentation on them and their country by foreign cadres of limited competence, leftist prejudice, and little imagination.

In the aftermath of the Balkan wars, Bosnia has become a museum of failed social engineering in such key areas as electoral rules, media, and the economy. At European insistence, for example, elections have been held under a Lani Guinier-style weighted voting system and a sex quota for candidates (30 percent women). Media censorship bars discussion in the press of Serbian atrocities in a war that killed 200,000 people, the overwhelming predominance of them Bosnian Muslims.

In Bosnia's last election, in 2000,

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the "international community" threw its weight behind the Social Democrats. These former Communists were promoted as the "moderate and multicultural" force that could bring back the peace and prosperity (relative to other Communist countries) of the Tito years. In Tito's Yugoslavia, of course, the Communists, as the ruling party, had to be multicultural. But the Bosnian Communists were considered the most Stalinist in the Tito apparatus, and today's Bosnian Social Democrats manifest the same taste for corruption, abuse of individual rights, public incivility toward opponents, and authoritarian decision-making. The Social Democrat elected mayor of Sarajevo in 2000, Zlatko Lagumdzija, is the son of the former Communist mayor of the Bosnian capital. As the Social Democratic standard-bearer in the recent election, Lagumdzija pledged that if his party were reelected, their first executive action would be to close down a group of nonconforming print media. (Full disclosure: The targeted publications included the magazine *Valter*, for which I serve as Washington correspondent.)

And to whom could angry Bosnian journalists, outraged at the threatened revival of Communist censorship, turn for succor? Only to American diplomats, whose role in Bosnia-Herzegovina has often been that of ombudsman. Americans in the Balkans are frequently called on to mitigate the policy errors of the European Union, the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, and their assorted, associated entities. Now, by voting to extricate themselves from neo-Communist domination, the Bosnians have openly registered a protest against the tutelage of Brussels.

Similar frictions are seen in Kosovo, where at the beginning of October the members of the Union of Elementary and Secondary School Teachers went on strike against their de facto employer, the United Nations. Numbering 20,000, the strikers are the lowest-paid education workers in Europe: Full-time elementary and middle school teachers make about $150 a month, while other public employees earn a generous $250—and the sons and daughters of Kosovar public servants make up to $750 a month as drivers and translators for the "internationals."

Foreign bureaucrats have created a Kosovo where 30 percent of all income derives from services to humanitarian functionaries. There is more incentive in Kosovo today to speculate by renting apartments to foreigners than to build schools; to sell pizza to foreigners than to provide hot meals for kids in school. For most Kosovar Albanians, it is better to work as a guard in front of an international agency than as a teacher in front of a class.

There are important lessons here. As the United States shoulders more nation-building tasks in Afghanistan, Iraq, and elsewhere, we should steer clear of the European style. In Bosnia, the European legacy includes the engineering of electoral outcomes and media censorship (a whole separate continent of grotesque mistakes); in Kosovo, stinginess in the establishment of essential services. In both places, Eurocrats have blocked privatization.

Beyond the obvious point that these policies violate American principles and also bring poor practical results, there is this other matter: The Bosnian Muslim political and intellectual leaders, after all that their people suffered in Milosevic's wars, rejected Saudi-funded extremism and terrorism. To make good on George W. Bush's pledge that the war against terror is not a war against Islam, the United States should dramatically upgrade our support for Bosnian civil society. Bosnian citizens need American-style practical help in rebuilding their economy, rather than European social malpractice. Greater success in balancing ethnic claims and civil needs in Bosnia, and the Balkans generally, is difficult, but not impossible, and could provide a textbook

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for sorting out the competing aims of Kurds, Shiite Muslims, and others in Iraq, as well as of the factions in Afghanistan.

Here's one concrete suggestion: To demonstrate our commitment to democratic transitions in Muslim societies, the U.S. government and the American teachers' unions could show solidarity with the striking teachers of Kosovo by helping them reach a just settlement of their dispute. In the realm of public diplomacy, what would speak more eloquently than American support for thousands of elementary and secondary teachers, many of them Muslim, in Kosovo's new, secular, Western-style schools? ♦

Let Lawyers Help Fight Terror

A modest proposal for stopping "student" terrorists. BY JAMES D. MILLER

AMERICA should use her private sector to stop terrorist immigration by having insurance companies investigate student-visa applicants. Over 500,000 foreigners attend U.S. schools, yet bureaucratic inefficiencies prevent the government from weeding out potential student-terrorists. Indeed, six months after September 11, the Immigration and Naturalization Service gave two of the hijackers student visas permitting them to attend flight school.

Rather then relying on a reformed INS to protect us from terrorists, America should instead employ the magic of the marketplace to keep al Qaeda operatives off her shores. To utilize the market, schools will need to be held civilly liable for terrorist acts committed by their students. Schools would have to buy insurance to protect against this new liability, and the insurance companies would then investigate the potential student-immigrants.

Under this plan, schools would admit only foreign students they could insure, turning insurance companies into gatekeepers. The insurer would profit only by efficiently determining which would-be students posed terrorist risks. The insurance companies would undoubtedly conduct some checks on all applicants and would interview the most suspicious.

Information management holds the key to halting "legal" terrorist immigration. While America's private sector is the best in the world at analyzing information, before September 11 the FBI didn't even have a properly functioning internal e-mail system. Consequently, to effectively stop terrorist-immigrants, the U.S. government should consider relying on the more agile and innovative private sector.

While political correctness prevents many government agencies from using all available information, under this plan insurance companies would need to profile applicants intelligently to maximize their profits. They would undoubtedly charge more to insure a typical 21-year-old Yemeni male than an average 50-year-old Zimbabwean female. An insurance company that used only ethnic profiling, however, would rapidly lose market share to its competition. For example, if one insurance company refused to insure Saudis, another would profit by insuring Saudis who posed no terrorist risk.

The average price charged to insure citizens of different countries would provide a useful signal to policymakers. If, say, insurance companies started drastically raising prices charged for French citizens, the U.S. government should investigate why and perhaps subject French airline passengers to extra searches.

To keep the price of insurance within reasonable bounds, a liability limit of around $1 billion per school would have to be imposed. Still, the threat of losing a billion dollars would greatly motivate insurance companies to investigate potential student-immigrants.

This private sector approach to immigration could be expanded beyond student-visa applicants. We could privatize immigration background checks by requiring all immigrants to obtain insurance against their being a terrorist. The government would then merely have to certify that participating insurance companies had sufficient assets to cover any terrorist claims.

The United States won the Cold War largely because of capitalism's superiority over socialism. Given proper incentives, the marketplace outperforms government bureaucracies. Because of capitalism's greater efficiency, conservatives have long attempted to replace bureaucrats with markets. For example, many conservatives prefer that funding levels for individual public schools be determined by voucher-wielding parents rather than by state education departments. Conservatives have also, sometimes successfully, advocated having pollution levels determined by market-based pollution trading programs rather than environmental agencies.

This modest immigration proposal could extend the reach of the market further into the government's domain by creating incentives for the private sector to find the few terrorists hiding among the masses of worthy would-be immigrants. ♦

James D. Miller is an assistant professor of economics at Smith College.

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Breeding Nukes

Why is the U.S. government risking the spread of plutonium around the world? BY HENRY SOKOLSKI

AFTER 9/11, keeping plutonium out of the hands of the world's Saddams and bin Ladens (who, with only 10 pounds of this reactor-generated stuff, could flatten lower Manhattan) would seem to be an urgent task. Tell that to the federal bureaucrats in charge of plutonium disposal. The programs they have proposed, if allowed to go forward, are not just leisurely, unnecessary, and expensive, they actually will increase the risks of nuclear theft.

What's their plan? It's part of a deal—the least attractive part—that the Clinton administration struck with Russia back in 2000. At that time, Washington and Moscow agreed that within two decades each would dispose of some 34 tons of weapons-grade plutonium—enough to make over 13,000 Nagasaki-sized bombs. One way to do this—suggested in the agreement—was to mix this material with other radioactive waste to make it too dangerous to fool with. Another, which the Russians insisted upon, was to fashion the plutonium into reactor fuel and use it in nuclear power stations, again, to make it too hot radioactively to handle.

Both approaches are long-term solutions. In the near term, the surest way to keep this material from hostile hands is simply to strengthen security at the few sites where it is stored. This avoids the risk of illicit diversion that comes with additional transport or handling. Meanwhile, the classified hemispherical warhead shapes the plutonium is currently in could be made far less attractive for redeployment simply by smashing them flat at the storage sites. Later, after additional research is completed, one could mix this weapons material with other nuclear wastes and vitrify the stew into glass logs for final storage. This involves some risk because additional processing and transport is required. Once completed, however, this procedure would substantially reduce any chance of theft.

In contrast, making the plutonium into reactor fuel is guaranteed to give nuclear thieves a field day. It requires trucking tons of weapons-grade plutonium from existing storage sites to planned fuel fabrication facilities in the United States and Russia. The material must then pass through thousands of additional hands to be fashioned into fuel, shipped again, and stored and loaded at selected power sites. Throughout this process, which will take 20 to 30 years to complete, tons of weapons plutonium will be handled and in transit. At any point along the way, just 10 misplaced or stolen pounds of this material could be fashioned into a nuclear weapon in a matter of days. Moreover, the nuclear kindling it will be turned into—known as mixed oxide fuel or MOX—is not all that much more difficult to make into bombs itself.

Peter Steiner

Why would anyone choose to do this? Well, the Russians made us do it. Or at least, that's the argument. For years, Moscow has been trying to get the United States and its allies to subsidize the bloated nuclear industrial complex run by Minatom, Russia's Ministry of Atomic Energy. Their most recent proposal has been to take in spent nuclear fuel from Asia and Europe and reprocess or chemically strip out

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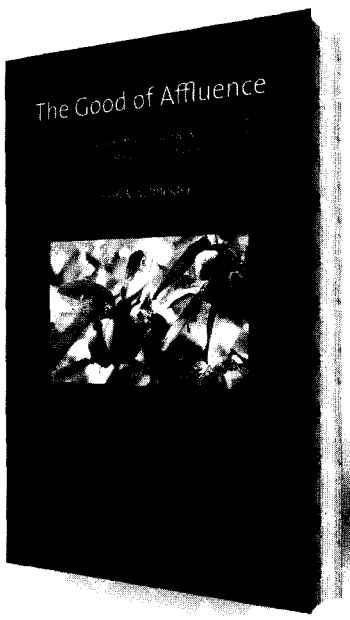
the plutonium, which could then be turned into MOX reactor fuel. Minatom already has a commercial reprocessing plant and plenty of nuclear workers. There's only one problem: The plan is insanely unprofitable. Not only is MOX far more expensive than common uranium to use as reactor fuel, the Russians need $1 billion they don't have just to build a MOX fuel fabrication plant.

For obvious reasons, Minatom has yet to find private investors for this pitch. With the administration's proposed plutonium disposition program, though, Minatom won't need to. The required technology and the billions of dollars needed to pull this scheme off will come directly from U.S. taxpayers and the G-8 nations President Bush is hectoring for funds.

Why is the White House taking these risks? Partly to please Russia: The administration is anxious to secure Vladimir Putin's help on missile defenses, the war on terrorism, and the fight against Iraq. MOX disposition is also favored by the Department of Energy and the national nuclear laboratories. Now out of the bomb-making business, these organizations have been itching to get back into nuclear power development. The kind of machines they and the Russians want to make are breeder reactors that burn plutonium and are extremely uneconomical (which is why U.S. utilities dropkicked breeders 20 or more years ago).

More important, these breeder systems and the plutonium they burn and make would be just as vulnerable to nuclear theft and terrorism as MOX used in regular reactors. That's why 25 years ago, President Ford decided to defer commercial use of plutonium entirely. Every president since has seen the sense of backing this policy. Now, however, the Department of Energy wants to cooperate with Russia on "proliferation resistant" breeder reactors and to "reassess" the merits of deploying plutonium-fueled reactors in other nations. Congress, meanwhile, primed by lobbying, is poised to approve nearly a quarter of a billion dollars as a down payment to get the MOX program into high gear.

As a lead editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* noted two weeks ago, moving ahead with the MOX disposal effort or helping others work on breeder reactors is a "gift to the world's terrorists." Instead, we need to secure surplus plutonium in as few spots as possible and eventually dispose of it as nuclear waste. This may not please the Russians or Washington's fans of high-tech make-work, but it is the right thing to do. ♦



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Crime After Punishment

It's past time to tackle the prison rape problem. BY ELI LEHRER

THANKS TO A COALITION of evangelicals, left-wing prison reformers, and human rights activists, Congress is on the verge of tackling America's most ignored crime problem, prison rape. A measure that would apply various types of pressure to shape up lax prison systems is now working its way towards approval, though not as quickly as its advocates had hoped.

The bill, officially the Prison Rape Reduction Act of 2002, has drawn together a group of ideological opposites. Democrat Ted Kennedy and Republican Jeff Sessions introduced it in the Senate, while Frank Wolf (R-Virginia) and Robert Scott (D-Virginia) are pushing it in the House. Speaker Dennis Hastert has strongly endorsed it. While the Department of Justice is taking a close look at the bill, some believe the administration should be doing more. "Frankly, I'm disappointed that the Department of Justice hasn't seized this," says Wolf. "It was the perfect compassionate conservative issue. But they pretty much said, 'no.'" The Bush administration still has not taken a position on the bill.

If the proposal does not move forward soon, Wolf (who chairs the appropriations subcommittee responsible for the Department of Justice) told me that he will attach it to the Justice Department's appropriations bill, thus vastly increasing its chances of passage. In the absence of organized opposition Congress will eventually act, but the bill might not move until some time in 2003.

There's little doubt about the prevalence of the crime. As a result of a swelling inmate population—which has grown from about 500,000 in 1980 to a shade under 2 million today—and an overcrowding problem that has only recently begun to ebb, prison rape soared even as overall crime rates plummeted in the 1990s. According to Los Angeles-based Stop Prisoner Rape, over 240,000 men get raped in correctional facilities each year. "This is not a minor problem or something that goes on in just a few places," says Cindy Struckman-Johnson, a University of Nebraska professor who has surveyed the issue in prison systems throughout the Midwest.

Worse, authorities are often complicit. Violent gangs and freelance thugs rape troublesome inmates and thus keep prison populations divided and easier to control. As a result, many administrators turn a blind eye to the problem. A code of silence nearly all prison inmates follow "spares cost-conscious prison officials the expense and burden of investigating and prosecuting rapists," writes Victor Hassine, a convicted murderer who has spent more than 20 years in the Pennsylvania State Correctional system.

Conscientious prison administrators know something needs to change. "It's one of those issues that has gone unnoticed for far, far too long," says Frank Hall, a well-known figure in American corrections who has run prison and jail systems from Massachusetts to Silicon Valley. "I should have done more myself."

The pending bill combines carrot and stick. It would provide prison rape reduction grants, while cutting other law enforcement grants for states that fail to set rape prevention

Eli Lehrer is a senior editor at the American Enterprise *and an adjunct fellow at the Heritage Foundation.*

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standards or opt out of the law. A national commission would be created to develop rape prevention standards and collect statistics. Most important, the law would single out negligent corrections systems heads when their prison rape rates significantly exceed the national averages. The total cost—about $60 million—is less than the federal government spends to subsidize overseas agribusiness advertising. Given that the Supreme Court's 1994 *Farmer* v. *Brennan* decision found that pervasive jailhouse rape violated prisoners' constitutional rights, it's a modest measure.

But it may prove revolutionary nonetheless: Accountability, standards, and record-keeping could improve prison management standards where litigation has failed. "This has the potential to create an entire new culture in prisons," says Mark Earley, the former Virginia attorney general who now heads Charles Colson's Prison Fellowship Ministries. "People will realize that there's a zero tolerance policy towards something which was long considered a fact of prison life."

In its emphasis on accountability and protections for state sovereignty, the Kennedy-Wolf bill takes a distinctly conservative approach. While activists and politicians on the left have played major roles in shaping the legislation, the bulk of the credit belongs to the evangelical groups that Hudson Institute fellow Michael Horowitz drew together. Indeed, the American Civil Liberties Union has refused to get on board. Elizabeth Alexander, who heads the ACLU's National Prison Project, emphasizes that the civil liberties giant hasn't opposed the bill, but she has little good to say about it. "It will have no immediate effect," she gripes.

Alexander favors amending a 1996 law—the Prison Litigation Reform Act—which required prisoners to exhaust internal grievance procedures before suing corrections officials in federal court. Before the law went into effect, prisoners frequently alleged human rights violations when administrators provided chunky rather than creamy peanut butter or refused to allow them to practice martial arts behind bars. While the 1996 reform made sense—giving bored thugs unlimited access to federal courts cost enormous amounts of money and produced almost no improvements in prison management—it may have gone too far.

In the case of prison rape, concerns about privacy and embarrassment mean that it makes sense for prisoners to have some method other than internal grievance procedures for making initial complaints. (Many of the supporters of Kennedy-Wolf agree with Alexander on this.) But it's unlikely that the litigation approach favored by the ACLU would solve the problem: The epidemic of prison rape developed between the late 1970s and mid-1990s even as prison lawsuits increased more than five-fold.

The ACLU's approach, says Earley, promises little more than "a bonanza for trial lawyers." But the ACLU, beholden to its base on the left, refuses to support anything that doesn't make it easier to sue. Alexander, indeed, has suspicions about the very concept of prisons—"It's just an example of unlimited state power," she says.

Prisons aren't going to vanish. Indeed, crime has fallen steeply in large measure because America has been so willing to invest in them. The real crisis in America's correctional system—of which the prevalence of rape is only the most obvious example—comes from an abject failure at holding prison managers accountable. Without any clear statistics on prison rape or guidelines for preventing it, negligent and malicious prison administrators can claim that the problem doesn't exist in their systems. The new legislation promises to embarrass these callous administrators into action. Each day Congress sits on the legislation, jailhouse rapists will claim another 650 victims. There's no excuse for further delay. ♦

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A Necessary War

Unless Saddam Hussein is removed, the war on terror will fail

By Reuel Marc Gerecht

Could a war with Iraq compromise America's war on terrorism? It would appear that many in the foreign policy establishment believe so. Senators Chuck Hagel, a Nebraska Republican, and Dick Durbin, an Illinois Democrat, certainly fear the ripple effect of striking Saddam Hussein. Both have echoed former national security adviser Brent Scowcroft's dire warning that an attack on Iraq would "jeopardize, if not destroy, the global counterterrorist campaign we have undertaken." Former secretary of state James Baker, another close adviser to Bush père, was only a little more conditional, urging the present administration to confront Iraq "in the right [multilateral] way" or risk damaging our relationships with Arab and European states and "perhaps even our top foreign policy priority, the war on terrorism." And if you spend any time with the working-level realpolitikers who staff the Central Intelligence Agency, the State Department, and the Pentagon, you'll quickly hit Scowcroftian resistance to a second Gulf campaign. "I think the war will screw up our liaison efforts against al Qaeda," remarked a CIA officer serving in the Near East Division of the Directorate of Operations. He agreed with Senator Hagel that "a coalition of common interest and intelligence" was the only way to beat Osama bin Laden's holy warriors. "I don't know that many people inside [the CIA] who think the war is a good idea," he added, after giving a tour d'horizon of Arab rancor over the coming campaign against Baghdad.

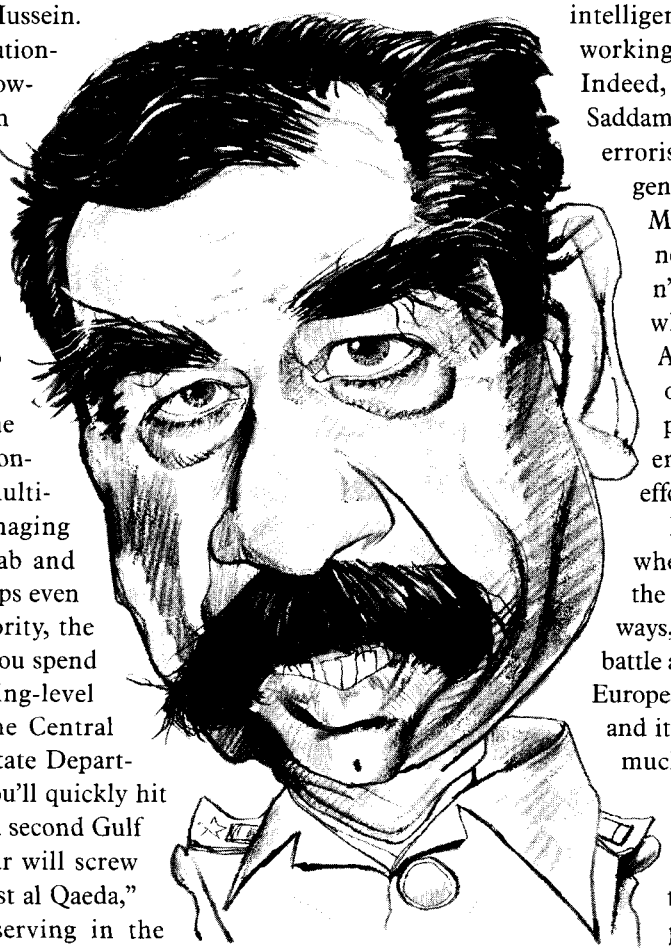

Illustration by Thomas Fluharty

Reuel Marc Gerecht is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

But these fears for the war on terrorism are unfounded. A war against Iraq will reinforce, not weaken, whatever collective spirit has developed among intelligence and security agencies working against Islamic radicals. Indeed, without the war to remove Saddam, it is likely that the counterterrorist efforts of "allied" intelligence and security services in the Muslim world will diminish, if not end entirely. And it shouldn't be that hard to understand why. Self-interest and fear of American power, not feelings of fraternity and common purpose, are what will glue together any lasting international effort against terrorism.

Let's first look at Europe, where Mohamed Atta planned the September 11 attack. In many ways, Europe is *the* front line in the battle against holy-warrior terrorism. European assistance against al Qaeda and its friends is essential, probably much more valuable than the aid we can receive from Muslim states in the Middle East and Central Asia. After all, travel to the United States on European Union passports is easy and probably will remain so until we get attacked by holders of E.U. passports. Without a European heads-up, it is virtually impossible to block committed al Qaeda militants like the Frenchman Zacarias Moussaoui from entering the United States or to track them after they're here. And although the Euro-

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peans have generally been somewhat hesitant to embrace publicly America's "war on terrorism," and have been overtly hostile to the Bush administration's bellicosity towards Iraq, European intelligence and security services are stuck with the fact that roughly 14 to 17 million Muslims now live within the European Union (the estimate is unavoidably imprecise given the large number of illegal Muslim immigrants and the reluctance of some European states to denominate the census by religion). Though you can regularly hear a wry sigh of relief from European security types about al Qaeda's targeting preferences ("Much better the Americans than us"), they aren't professionally comfortable hoping that Islamic militants will bomb only the American half of Western civilization. Attacks on the United States in Europe are hardly a solution—al Qaeda's plan, for example, to use the former Tunisian-German soccer player Nizar Trabelsi as a kamikaze against the U.S. embassy in Paris would have killed far more Europeans than Yanks.

Islamic radical networks, in various states of organization and health, have crisscrossed Western Europe for years. If only a minuscule fraction of the growing Muslim fundamentalist population of Europe were to join bin Laden's holy warriors and aim their terrorism against their neighbors, internal-security officers would confront nightmare scenarios. In the mid-1990s, a somewhat ragtag group of militants, inspired primarily by the troubles in war-torn Algeria, the frustrations of being Muslim in France, and a violent anti-Western brand of Islamic preaching, robbed banks, bombed Paris metro stations, and tried to derail a super-fast "TGV" passenger train. Less ragtag and far more suicidal, al Qaeda could certainly do better. Which is why European security services by and large have responded with alacrity to September 11, questioning, arresting, and incarcerating hundreds of fundamentalists. With the possible exceptions of the Belgians and the Dutch, the West Europeans have reacted as vigorously as the Americans, if not more so. The French and the British, both less agitated than Americans about civil liberties in times of stress, aggressively use temporary imprisonment as an investigative counterterrorist tool. France's famous counterterrorist judge Jean-Louis Bruguière could teach Attorney General John Ashcroft and the Federal Bureau of Investigation many things about using randomness in arrests and detention to sow anxiety amongst the enemy and give the (perhaps justified) impression of effective state power.

If only a minuscule fraction of Europe's Muslims joined bin Laden, internal-security officers would confront nightmare scenarios.

An Anglo-American invasion of Iraq would in no way diminish the self-defensive reflex that propelled all of the Continental Europeans to monitor their Muslim populations more closely and seek maximum cooperation from American intelligence and security agencies. European public opinion may fear the war in Iraq, European elites may loathe the moralizing, over-muscled, "unilateral" American approach to foreign policy, but European statesmen and policemen, first and foremost, want to protect their own. They know there is no neutral option in this war against terrorism; they can't make a behind-the-scenes deal with holy warriors, as some Europeans made pacts in the past with more secular Middle Eastern terrorists. The father of modern Middle Eastern terrorism, Yasser Arafat, may have converted himself into an object of European *tiers-mondiste* sympathy, but Osama bin Laden and his not-so-merry men never will.

The Europeans are cornered, and European intelligence and national security officials who handle Islamic terrorism know it. As a French internal security official remarked to me, "I often think the Americans are idiots, but being anti-American in my work makes no sense." Irrespective of any European bitterness or fury about Washington's "hubris" in the Middle East, U.S.-European intelligence cooperation against young Muslim males who live to incinerate themselves has just begun to blossom. Indeed, it is likely that the specter of Islamic terrorism will draw Western intelligence and national security agencies closer together than did the Cold War. Ostpolitik, détente, and the fear of moles in European services often made intelligence liaison work in the past a haphazard, half-hearted affair. Imagining the luxurious Crillon Hotel, which sits across a narrow street from the U.S. embassy in Paris, as a charred ruin will likely do much more for professional fraternity between French and American cops and spooks than imagining Soviet tanks rolling over Germany ever did. Change the ruins, and ditto for the rest of the Europeans. Quite contrary to the common depiction of the Middle East as the principal fissure between America and Europe, the region, especially to the degree it embodies an Islamist threat to the United States and Europe, will likely be the one unbreakable bond between otherwise increasingly distant family members.

In the Middle East and Pakistan, we will see a somewhat different dynamic at work. Fear of America, not fear of bin Ladenism, is what primarily binds Wash-

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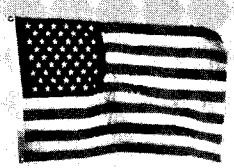
ington and these friends. If the United States does not go to war against Iraq, it is most probable that the pre-9/11 status quo will return to U.S.-Middle Eastern and U.S.-Pakistani relations. Without a militant America to inspire (and worry) them, foreign liaison services will act in their rulers' best interests, which when dealing with bin Laden-esque radicalism will mean ignoring the Americans as much as possible.

The decade before September 11, 2001, is instructive. Contrary to the line taken in the United States by Saudi crown prince Abdullah's public-relations minions, bin Laden's war against America is not a war against Saudi Arabia. There is certainly no love lost between the leadership of al Qaeda and the House of Saud. Islamic radicals like bin Laden have long dreamed of the fall of the Saudi royal family and other "pro-American" and "anti-Islamic" dictatorships throughout the Middle East. The ruling regimes in Riyadh, Cairo, Algiers, Damascus, and Amman are acutely aware of the violent antipathy that certain fundamentalist movements have had for them. In the 1980s and 1990s, they all fought, and in their minds won, battles against coup-minded Islamic militants. Some of these fights—in Egypt and Algeria, in Mecca in '79 and in the Syrian town of Hama in '82—were ferociously ugly. The rulers in these countries have surely noted that al Qaeda's suicide bombers have not been directed at them. The Saudis have closely studied bin Laden's statements where he discourages his followers from making a battleground of Arabia, the future oil engine of bin Laden's resurrected caliphate.

Unlike the Assassins of the Middle Ages, who rarely killed Crusaders in their suicidal assault on the established Muslim order in the Middle East, bin Laden's holy warriors live to kill Americans. Arab intelligence and security services were certainly more aware than Langley of the "Arab-Afghans," like bin Laden, returning from the Soviet-Afghan war. Such men often threw themselves into nationalist Islamist struggles, notably in Algeria. Middle Eastern intelligence services could have been banging on the CIA's doors throughout the 1990s, warning it about the dangers coalescing around Osama bin Laden. Yet I haven't met or heard of a CIA or State Department officer who can recall his Arab counterparts' sounding the alarm about al Qaeda. It strongly appears that no Arab foreign



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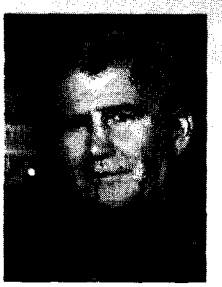
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intelligence service made a serious, sustained effort to recruit or seed agents into al Qaeda until the end of the decade, when America began to focus more seriously on bin Laden's bombers. Indeed, what in great part makes bin Ladenism special and his appeal borderless is the extent to which the Saudi holy warrior aimed his terror beyond the detested dictators and kings of the Middle East, directly at the United States. Bin Ladenism is what the hard core of Iran's Islamic revolution aspired to but never attained—a jihadist "virtual umma" (to borrow from the Franco-Iranian scholar Farhad Khosrokhavar), a nationless community of suicidal believers who can strike the "Great Satan" from any corner of the globe.

Now why in the world would the rulers of the Middle East want to tempt fate and provoke al Qaeda and its followers to aim closer to home? Compared with the terrorist-guerrilla units that sprang from the Islamic Salvation Front in Algeria, the old-time Islamic Jihad in Egypt, or the Muslim Brotherhood in Syria, al Qaeda's globe-trotting warriors are a blessing for Muslim rulers wanting to sleep at night. The only consistently compelling reason for Hosni Mubarak, for example, or any other Muslim ruler in the Middle East to extend himself continuously and aggressively against al Qaeda is fear of American power.

The Pakistani example is illuminating. In 2001, after the September 11 attacks, Secretary of State Colin Powell visited Pakistan's President Pervez Musharraf, who had consistently backed the Taliban regime in Kandahar, the protector of al Qaeda. General Musharraf had also been one of the primary architects of the practice of using Afghanistan for training Islamic militants for the guerrilla-cum-terrorist war in India-controlled Kashmir. These training camps, supervised by Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence Agency, were interconnected and co-located with some of the training programs funded and organized by al Qaeda. With Powell's visit, General Musharraf quickly understood America's resolve, abandoned the Taliban, fired some pro-Taliban army and ISI officers, and confronted Islamists within Pakistan whom he'd once backed. Now it is open to doubt whether Islamabad has permanently retired from playing the fundamentalist card among the Pashtun tribes in Afghanistan, but Musharraf and his fellow military officers will certainly be wary of resuming past habits so long as they believe Washington is looking over their shoulder and retains the will and capacity to punish them painfully.

Look at Saudi Arabia for a lesson in reverse. In 1996, when terrorists blew up a U.S. military barracks at Khobar Towers in Saudi Arabia, killing 19 servicemen, the ultra-conservative and anti-American Saudi interior ministry under Prince Nayef shut down the FBI's investigation. FBI director Louis Freeh, and by extension President Clinton, looked weak in Saudi eyes for allowing Nayef to set the rules. This was an egregious example of kowtowing, one of many over the years that have encouraged Saudis to believe they can have the upper hand in U.S.-Saudi relations. So why should the Saudis—who have spent decades developing international missionary networks that encourage a virulently anti-American Islamic gospel—forthrightly aid Washington in dismantling the Saudi-funded Wahhabi organizations that have done so much to draw recruits into Islamic militancy and into al Qaeda?

Has any Bush administration official flown to Riyadh to instruct Crown Prince Abdullah in the tenuous nature of power, as Secretary Powell did with Musharraf? Has anyone from the CIA, the FBI, or the State Department demanded to review in detail the Saudi intelligence and security files on the myriad institutions, some state-supported and some not, which spread Saudi money and Wahhabism around the world? Seeking a "coalition of common interest and intelligence" with the Saudis on radical Islamic fundamentalism is a surreal endeavor. Reversing the lesson of Khobar, however, is more doable. Just ask the small Gulf sheikhdoms how the Saudis conduct power politics. Washington should do unto Riyadh as it does unto others. Whatever our intelligence take is from the Saudis—and Saudi intelligence was in the best position of any Arab service to penetrate al Qaeda before its bombings of U.S. embassies in Africa, attack on the USS *Cole*, and 9/11—adherence to this "golden rule" could only make the relationship better. It couldn't make it worse.

However Washington conducts itself toward individual Arab states, it should be obvious that if the Bush administration now fails to go to war against Saddam Hussein, we will lose enormous face throughout the region. President Bush has defined himself and America by his axis-of-evil, regime-change policy toward Iraq. Without a successful war to remove Saddam, we will return to the pre-9/11 pattern of timidity that Osama bin Laden so effectively underscored in his writings and speeches. In the eyes of the young men who live with the purpose and promise conferred by the hope of martyrdom, we will have shown that Osama was right—that indeed we are no longer "the strongest horse." And these young men will, sooner rather than later, brutally reveal to us that an attempt to prosecute a "global counterterrorist campaign" in the absence of awe at American power is bound to fail. ♦

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Democracy in the Middle East

It's the hardheaded solution

By Victor Davis Hanson

What will our invasion of Iraq unleash? Our greatest challenge may be not the elimination of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction but the subsequent reconfiguration of the Middle East. What happens inside Iraq on the day Saddam Hussein is gone will reveal American intentions, capabilities, and morality. What we do in Iraq will set the stage for success or failure in the entire region.

If we are to promote some quasi-democracy in post-Saddam Iraq, how will we do it? Iraq is a Muslim country with no tradition of consensual government or even an indigenous vocabulary for "democracy," "citizen," "secularism," or "referendum." The realists remind us that the seeds of constitutional government do not grow in soil that lacks a middle class and the rule of law. They point out that there has never been a truly free Arab democracy in 1,500 years. They are joined by the multicultural, moral relativist, and increasingly isolationist Left, which contends that we have no business dictating to any country the nature of its government.

Perhaps, then, we should allow Iraq to lapse into a purportedly pro-American despotism like Saudi Arabia and Egypt—permit some general, say, like Musharraf of Pakistan, to rise to power on promises to pump oil, rein in terrorists, curb the madrassas, not threaten his neighbors, and reform at some future date. Or perhaps, if the postwar chaos grows overwhelming, we should do as we did in Afghanistan years ago—shrug, declare a victory of sorts, leave quietly, and hope that the feuding Shiites, Kurds, Baathists, and generals we leave behind turn out to be better and weaker than Saddam Hussein.

Victor Davis Hanson is author of An Autumn of War *(Anchor, 2002) and visiting Shifrin professor of military history at the United States Naval Academy. His views do not necessarily reflect those of the academy.*

Conflicting advice comes daily from all sides, from Middle Eastern dissidents, Arabists, Islamic diplomats, and the Europeans. But we should decide for ourselves upon a course of action before we go to Iraq. If we profess support for democracy in Iraq now, before the bombs fall, this assurance to the Iraqi people may help our cause more than a European armored division or a Middle Eastern base. Our commitment to political reform—not to any individual or clique—will give us the military and ethical advantage of consistency, purpose, and clarity.

Americans hope for constitutional governments in the Middle East not because we are naive, but because we seek democracy's practical dividends. Modern democracies rarely attack America or each other. When they fight illiberal regimes, they win. The Falklands, Panama, Serbia, and the Middle East all demonstrate the power of legitimate governments over dictatorships. Yet this pragmatic consideration is often dismissed as starry-eyed idealism. Only belatedly have we advocated democratic reform for the Palestinians, as a remedy for our previous failed policy of appeasement of Arafat and his corrupt regime.

We are not talking of Jeffersonian democracy all at once. First, remove the dictator, to permit a more lawful society to evolve on the model of Panama, Grenada, Serbia, and the Philippines. Keep up the pressure of American and world opinion, international aid, the return of Westernized dissidents, the emancipation of women, and the occasional threat of American force. Let September 11 remind us that inaction can be as deadly as intervention.

In the past, Americans were told that the Middle East was divided roughly into two camps (plus democratic Israel): the sometime sponsors of terror (Afghanistan, Algeria, Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Libya, Syria, and Yemen) and the so-called moderate dictatorships (Egypt, the Gulf states, Jordan, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, and Tunisia). Although the latter group ruled without a popular man-

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date and made use of coercion and intimidation, they nevertheless curbed their brutality and either condemned or ignored but did not openly abet terrorists.

Our State Department has the unenviable task of maintaining workable relationships with these allegedly pro-Western regimes—at a time when some friends and foes are looking more and more alike. Lunatic Iran still pumps oil; the sober Saudis murmur of boycotts. Saudis in the United States are enraged at us; Iraqis living here lobby congressmen to liberate their country. Our tanks and planes can obliterate armies, but they can't stop suicide-murderers. Washington may assure us that Egypt and Saudi Arabia are our friends, yet their citizens comprise the majority of the September 11 terrorists and the detainees at Guantanamo—while Libyans, Syrians, and Iraqis are less likely to join al Qaeda.

The events of the last year prove that both extremist and moderate governments in the Middle East are riding a tidal wave of resentment. Governments of both kinds seek to survive largely through bribery, oppression, and censorship, and by scapegoating Israel and America. This they hope will postpone an accounting with their people. In the absence of elections, free speech, or any public audit of government finances, our "friends" must divert the attention of their restless populations to the bogeyman of the West. Yet at root, the Arab masses probably hate us less than they abhor their own governments for lack of freedom and economic progress. If Islamic zeal were the cure for what ails these regimes, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, and Iran would be pillars of stability.

The pathologies of the Middle East are urgent and will only get worse if left alone. The last two decades of ruined economies have brought nothing but disaster. The unusually candid "Arab Human Development Report 2002," issued by leading Arab intellectuals under the auspices of the United Nations, provides the details. An exploding population (38 percent is under 14 years of age) will have to fight for scarce resources: The 22 Arab countries have a combined gross domestic product less than Spain's. The wealthiest 85,000 Saudi families have overseas assets of $700 billion. Labor productivity fell between 1960 and 1990, while it soared elsewhere. Even Africa outperformed the Arab world in rates of economic growth and the incidence of constitutional government between 1975 and 1990. More foreign books were translated into Greek than into Arabic last year. The report speculates that half the youths in most Arab countries desire to emigrate—usually to the lands of the infidels, Europe or the United States.

In response to this depressing state of affairs, an exasperated United States has tried everything from appeasement to confrontation—everything except systematic, sustained, and unqualified support for democratic reform. On that score, our experience in Afghanistan is encouraging. A year ago, no country in the Middle East was more lawless, anti-American, or brutal than Afghanistan under the Taliban; today, our intervention has produced a more consensual government, and refugees are going home. A secular and democratic Turkey, meanwhile, proves that Islam is not intrinsically incompatible with liberal society. And reforms in Qatar promise hope for eventual elections; Qatar's liberality explains the absence of a Saudi-style backlash from the populace, as well as the regime's willingness to work with us on energy and defense.

The "realist" rejoinder is that elections in the Middle East are a onetime thing. In Iran, the ouster of the autocratic shah made way for an election, after which the mullahs destroyed democracy; Khomeini's death only brought in more fanatics. Arafat rigged an election and hasn't held another. Jordan's parliament is a façade behind which King Abdullah rules by kowtowing to Iraq, Syria, the Palestinians, and the United States. The very idea of elections brought disaster in Algeria.

Yet even these dismal scenarios are instructive. The fact that the mullahs were elected in Iran has put an enormous burden of legitimacy upon them; their abject failure may better serve the long-term interests of the United States than the Saudi royal family's success. Palestinians too are talking more about the need for fair elections than the need to keep Arafat in office. America has much to gain when democracy works, while autocratic regimes profess stability but are volatile under the surface. Better to deal with a subverted democracy: At least its people will soon realize that they, not the United States, are responsible for their disasters.

The problem with the old realpolitik is not just that it is occasionally amoral but also that it has been tried and found wanting. Short-term stability has left unaddressed the festering long-term problem of Arab development. The rot now overwhelms us.

We must try something new, out of self-interest. We need to prevent more Egyptians, Kuwaitis, Pakistanis, Palestinians, and Saudis from murdering more Americans, as their "shocked," subsidized, and protected governments shrug, send condolences, and remind us that their "friendship" should earn them immunity from U.S. bombs. The world is not static. What worked for the last fifty years—a mixture of concern for oil, opposition to communism, and profits from weapons sales—no longer justifies supporting duplicitous dictators who can scarcely feed their own people in a region awash in petroleum. The end of Soviet-sponsored communism means we no longer need fear that elected socialists will turn into Communist props.

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Pilgrims at Mecca: Let them rule?

We cannot continue to treat symptoms rather than the etiology of the disease. We have used restrained military force to send a message to the occasional megalomaniac who boasted of killing Americans. So we bombed Qaddafi; blasted the Sudanese; sent cruise missiles into Afghan caves; shelled Lebanon; and hit Iraq in the no-fly zones. It was a tit-for-tat strategy, originated by Reagan, institutionalized by the elder Bush, and popularized by Clinton.

The advantage of a reactive strategy seemed to be that it let Americans go on living without much disruption or cost in lives and treasure. But September 11 taught us otherwise: The terrorists and their hosts saw that we offered no sustained threat to their operations, and they seized their chance. Now, they will not be content with blowing up an embassy or a ship. They deal in symbols and shock, and so will always, like carnival barkers or professional wrestlers, be seeking to meet or exceed their prior achievements.

The alternative to the old realpolitik is a brand new strategy oriented toward ending the entire apparatus of autocracy and creating in its place the conditions for future political legitimacy and economic growth in the Middle East. Rather than fearing the uncertainty that this would entail, we should understand that sometimes temporary chaos may be better than enduring stasis.

Indeed, this is the course on which we have embarked in Afghanistan—as revolutionaries of sorts, rather than Pollyanna interventionists or cynical isolationists. The verdict is still out on the stability of the Karzai government, much less the country's long-term prospects. Clearly, though, the present government gives Afghanistan its first ray of hope in three decades. Before September 11, Pakistan was considered a humane place compared with Afghanistan; now the Karzai government arguably holds more promise than Musharraf's dictatorship. And yet under American pressure, Pakistan today offers some improvement over a year ago, when we largely ignored its anti-democratic pathologies. Could the nascent, legitimate Afghanistan—backed by American and European aid, the return of dissidents and exiles from the West, an influx of social workers, the emancipation of women, the establishment of schools, and the threat of force—offer hope elsewhere in the Middle East?

History provides more encouragement than we might think. Cynics in 1945 warned us that Japanese terrorists would make an American occupation of mainland Japan impossible. The traditions of Japan were Asian and authoritarian, they said, and we should not confuse a desire for Western weapons and industry with any capacity for democracy. Yet we plunged in, and in five years Japan had become the sanest and most humane society between San Francisco and Beijing. Rather than search for a Westernized leader, we took on the greater burden of establishing institutions in a completely foreign landscape. Simultaneously, Germany and Italy, both historically unstable republics, were transmogrified from fascist killer states into liberal republics almost overnight.

We poured in aid, brought their rehabilitated governments into the world community, interfered with their school systems, empowered women, stationed troops to monitor recidivism, sought out moderates, dissidents, and exiles, helped to draft constitutions, tried the guilty—then crossed our fingers that the people's inclusion in decision-making and enjoyment of personal freedom would bring a

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new maturity and responsibility to society. Today, without the specter of a global and nuclear Soviet Union to make "regime change" difficult and distort elections, we are once again free to promote democracy in unlikely places.

There are now millions of exiles from the Middle East residing in Western countries who want Western liberalism to take root in their native lands. Democracy has no rival in French Marxism, Communist nostalgia, or Baathist nonsense. Unlike communism, Islamic fundamentalism does not even purport to bring progress and equality. Nor has it a nuclear patron with global reach, like the old Soviet Union. We need not fear a universal Islamic fundamentalism. It may thrive in Saudi Arabia, where fanaticism of one sort or another is the only way to foment revolution, but it has alienated the masses in theocratic Iran, now that the extremists have lost the romance of tormented idealists and are seen as accountable for their institutionalized oppression. We also have an ally in global popular culture. However crass, free expression subverts theocracy and dictatorship.

We must not be naive. Establishing lawful rule in lawless places entails real costs and dangers. Thus, war or the threat of force may be the necessary catalyst. Germany and Japan did not abandon fascism voluntarily. Noriega and Milosevic had to be forced out. Armed resistance can bring profound change because defeat brings humiliation, and humiliation sometimes precipitates a collective change of heart. The Eastern Europeans, and eventually the Russians, broke free because they saw the Soviet Union was exhausted, had lost the Cold War, and was near collapse. When the generals and colonels of Greece and Argentina brought military ruin and embarrassment to their countries, they fled. South Korea and Taiwan were born out of war; they survived and eventually democratized because America vowed to protect them with force.

In the Middle East, there will be no change until Saddam Hussein is defeated and what he stands for is shown to lead only to oblivion. The use of military power must be decisive, producing a rout, not a stalemate. Were we to intervene and then hesitate or otherwise lose, we might achieve the opposite result from that desired—encouraging strongmen to "stand up to" the United States.

A second price we must be willing to pay is the lengthy presence of American troops. They are still in Germany, Italy, Japan, and South Korea. All that prevents the violent overthrow of democracies in Latin America and their replacement with dictatorships is fear of the Marines. Taiwan remains free only because of the proximity of American carriers and submarines. We already have thousands of soldiers in the Gulf states and Saudi Arabia: They could just as well protect democracies as keep a watch on or support tyrants.

A third burden we must assume is that we must expect and not fear anti-Americanism. Newly created democracies will not necessarily love us. Look at postwar France, which resented the United States mere months after it was liberated. Arabs may feel some identification with Europe, given their former colonial relationships, geographical proximity, and shared distrust of American power, even as their children may prefer the American way. Regardless, we must remember that, while we are at war with no democracy, we have had to intervene in a lot of autocracies in the last twenty years. Far better to suffer the chastisements of a democratically elected Saudi parliament for, say, our rejection of Kyoto than to stand by while the Saudi royal family bankrolls the spread of extremism around the world.

Finally, with the Cold War a thing of the past, we must rethink our dealings with caretaker dictators who make noises about moving toward the rule of law, press freedom, and markets but deliver little meaningful reform. The old rationale for bearing with mere authoritarians has crumbled away with the passing of the expansionist Marxist-Leninist totalitarians. Without ever losing sight of our preference for peaceful change, we need to reassess, carefully and thoroughly, the usefulness of propping up strongmen in the name of stability, when to do this is to flout the aspirations of long-suppressed peoples and forget our national principles. Muslims in autocratic Pakistan are dangerous to us, but those in democratic India are not.

Democracies do not spring perfect from the head of Zeus. Even mature democracies are flawed—look at Florida's elections and Wall Street's scandals. Yet, as Leon Aron has argued in these pages, infant democracies—even those prone to Russian-style kleptocracy or to autocratic lapses of the Peruvian variety—are preferable in the long run to the alternatives.

In the Middle East, everything has been tried except freedom. Confronted over the years with Arab Communists, Islamic extremists, and every manner of dictator, American policy-makers have juggled the imperatives of countering Soviet expansionism, fighting terrorism, and protecting world commerce in oil. Through it all, the region has remained beset by abject failure. Yet we need not despair and turn isolationist. We must rather accept that the world itself has changed since the Cold War; and in our own national interest, we must make sure that our policies evolve with it. September 11 thrust before us the infiltration of terrorist sleeper cells into the West, the appeasement of murderous Islamists by Arab dictators, and the terrorism on the West Bank. In the process, we lost the easy option of propping up the status quo—and the Islamic world lost the privilege of being different. ♦

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The Cuban Missile Crisis, Reconsidered

Was John F. Kennedy really the model Cold War statesman?

By Peter Schweizer

Forty years ago this month, President John F. Kennedy was locked in a test of wills with Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev over missiles in Cuba. Memorialized in both film and print, the Cuban missile crisis has come to be the ultimate symbol of presidential resolve and courage. In the 1974 movie *The Missiles of October* and the more recent *Thirteen Days*, starring Kevin Costner, JFK is portrayed as a resolute and unflinching commander in chief. He's given the same heroic portrayal in his brother Bobby Kennedy's *Thirteen Days: A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis*, a book still regularly assigned in college classes. And many historians still share the view of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. that Kennedy's actions demonstrated to the "whole world . . . the ripening of American leadership unsurpassed in the responsible management of power . . . [a] combination of toughness . . . nerve and wisdom, so brilliantly controlled, so matchlessly calibrated that [it] dazzled the world."

In short, Kennedy's handling of the crisis has captured the popular imagination, making him perhaps the most potent symbol of Cold War courage and resolve. But now that the Soviet archives have been opened, it's time to retire JFK as Cold War hero. Instead, the mantle should be passed to Ronald Reagan who, according to those archives, was the president they most respected and feared.

Most portrayals of the Cuban missile crisis begin with the secret placement of Soviet missiles in Cuba and Kennedy's insistence that they be removed. But the story actually begins a couple of years earlier, when JFK first stepped into the Oval Office.

The Kremlin was very pleased when JFK edged out Richard Nixon in 1960. Before the election, the KGB resident in Washington had been ordered to "propose diplomatic or propaganda initiatives, or any other measures, to facilitate Kennedy's victory." The Kremlin regarded Kennedy as a "typical pragmatist," who would change his position and accommodate adversaries if it served his interests. Khrushchev went so far as to delay the release of American U-2 pilot Gary Francis Powers, who was being held in prison after being shot down on a spy mission over the Soviet Union, until after the election. By doing so, said Khrushchev, he was "voting" for Kennedy.

Shortly after JFK became president, he was put to the test. In March 1961, Communist guerrillas armed with new shipments of Soviet weapons advanced deep into the eastern reaches of Laos, which borders Vietnam. The peaceful country's neutrality was supposedly guaranteed by the 1954 Geneva Accords, but the North Vietnamese wanted to use the country as a supply line for their forces fighting in the south. In short order they occupied Eastern Laos and began developing what came to be called the Ho Chi Minh Trail to arm their forces fighting in South Vietnam. In Washington, Kennedy was apprised of the situation and elected to do nothing.

One month later, a large force of Cuban exiles began landing on the beaches of Cuba, near the so-called Bay of Pigs. They had been trained and equipped by the CIA with the intent of liberating the country from Fidel Castro. The plot was something that Kennedy had inherited from Eisenhower. Kennedy signed off on the operation, but nixed a critical ingredient: When the exiles hit the beaches they did so without American air or naval support. The exile army was driven back in a matter of days. The operation was an unmitigated disaster.

A few months later, Soviet bloc leaders decided to begin construction on the Berlin Wall to stem the flow of refugees into West Berlin. As they broke ground, Kennedy became furious. He called up the reserves, sent troops to Europe, and proposed a substantial increase in the military budget. But he was not prepared to resist the move. "It seems particularly stupid," he told aides, "to risk killing a million Americans over an argument about access rights on the Autobahn."

Peter Schweizer, a fellow at the Hoover Institution, is the author of a new book, Reagan's War *(Doubleday), from which parts of this essay are adapted.*

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Kennedy thought that by showing restraint he was avoiding a crisis. But in reality he was causing one. In the Kremlin, the combination of Kennedy's tough words and lack of action was seen as weakness and fear. After JFK's speech on the Berlin crisis, Khrushchev hosted a secret meeting of the Central Committees of Communist Parties of the Soviet Union. "Kennedy spoke [to frighten us] and then got scared himself," snickered Khrushchev, according to a transcript. The president was "too much of a lightweight both for the Republicans as well as for the Democrats."

For Nikita Khrushchev, Kennedy's failure at the Bay of Pigs, along with Communist successes in Laos and Berlin, was proof that he could have things his way with the young president. When Robert Frost returned from a September 1962 trip to the Soviet Union, he said that Khrushchev had told him Kennedy was "too liberal to fight." In short, Kennedy was encouraging Khrushchev to pursue what would become his most dangerous gambit.

In May 1962, Khrushchev announced to the Politburo his secret plan to put Soviet nuclear missiles in Cuba. Fidel Castro was eager for the missiles because they would deter another Bay of Pigs-type invasion. Khrushchev figured if he could pull the plan off, it would shift the balance in the arms competition because his shorter-range ballistic missiles would now be capable of reaching the United States.

The Soviet premier, seemingly always the gambler, was hoping to build the missile sites before the United States even detected them. On the chance that they were discovered, he believed that Kennedy might fear a confrontation and not take any substantial action. Soviet transport ships brought material and specialists to Cuba where construction crews busily worked on the missile batteries. The plan seemed to be going as Khrushchev hoped, until an American U-2 spy plane flying over the island uncovered the scheme. When Kennedy learned about it, he was again furious.

The president ordered an immediate naval blockade of Cuba and regular U-2 flights to monitor the situation. He explained his position to Khrushchev in unambiguous terms: Remove the missiles and the personnel to man them or military action is imminent. Khrushchev, mulling over the situation in his Kremlin office, knew the strategic situation favored the United States. Not only did America have nuclear superiority; Cuba was just off the American coastline while the Soviet Union was halfway around the world. Kennedy had called his bluff; a bargain needed to be struck. And Kennedy, contrary to the steely determination portrayed in the movies, was all too willing to deal.

Khrushchev agreed to withdraw the missiles. But he wanted several things in return. For his ally Fidel Castro, who was angered by any suggestion that the missiles be pulled out, he demanded a pledge that the United States would never invade Cuba again. And for good measure, he wanted U.S. nuclear missiles in Turkey, which were pointed at Soviet forces, removed as well.

On Saturday, October 27, 1962, as the crisis reached a crescendo, Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin went to the Justice Department for a private meeting with Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, who was serving as a confidant for his brother. Moscow might have been negotiating from a weak position, but Bobby Kennedy didn't press the matter. His brother was prepared to make a no invasion pledge, he told Dobrynin, and would pull the Jupiter missiles out of Turkey. But he cautioned that the deal needed to be done *quietly*. "The president can't say anything public in this regard about Turkey," the Soviet transcripts of the meetings quote RFK as saying. It would be too much of a political embarrassment. The missiles would need to be withdrawn under some pretext and without consulting NATO allies. Dobrynin agreed to the secret bargain and it was never mentioned in public.

Indeed, Bobby Kennedy was so sensitive about the secret deal involving missiles in Turkey that when his diary of the crisis was later published as *Thirteen Days*, the editor of the book, Ted Sorensen, purposely deleted any mention of them.

Like the rest of America, Ronald Reagan spent much of October 1962 watching closely the duel between Kennedy and Khrushchev. He was of course pleased that the crisis was over. But he fretted in public that Kennedy had given up too much. He faulted Kennedy for agreeing to a no invasion pledge. "Are missile bases enough," he asked, "or will we insist on freedom for all Cubans?"

Reagan had always had his doubts about Kennedy, fearing that he was simply not up to meeting the Soviet challenge. In January 1962, during a speech at Huntington Memorial Hospital in California, he saw what Khrushchev saw, and expressed his concerns about whether JFK could handle "the roughnecks of the Kremlin." He was surrounded by "well-meaning and misguided people" who failed to understand the threat. Reagan also astutely noted that by not challenging the Communist move into Laos, Kennedy was signaling his willingness "to drink the bitter cup of capitulation" in Southeast Asia.

In the months following the Cuban missile crisis, Reagan made some pointed suggestions about what

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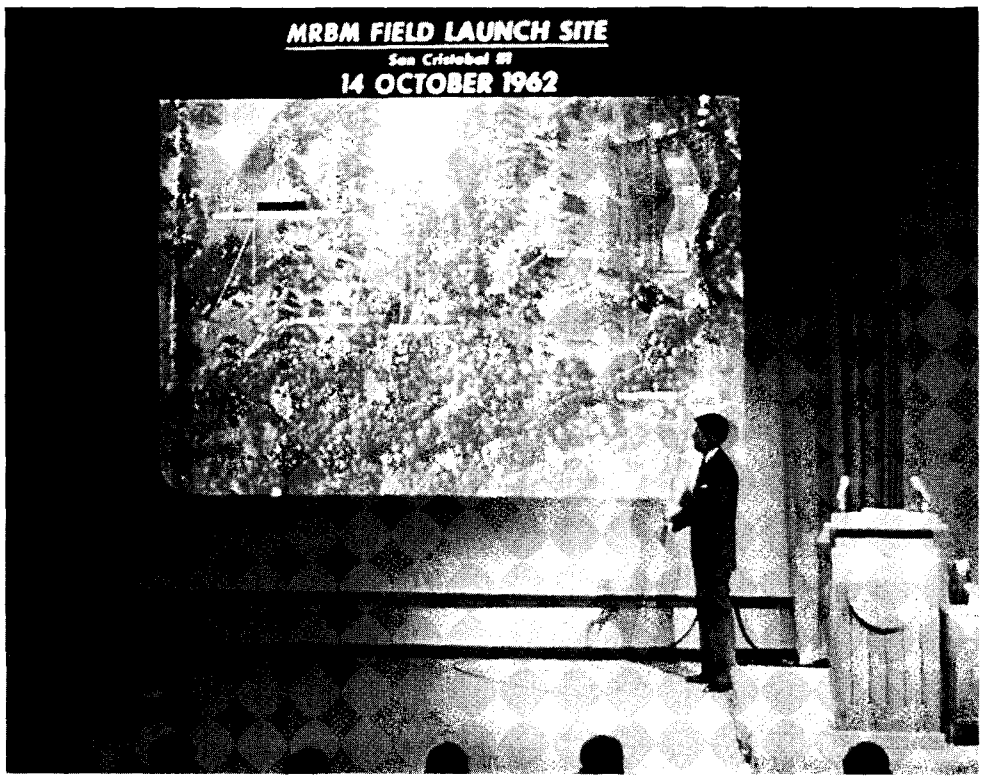

Archive Photos

JFK's nationally televised address, showing the missile installations

America should do next. While the Kennedy administration began pursuing arms control agreements, Reagan wrote an article explaining that the goal should be not to coexist with communism but to defeat it. Crank up the arms race, he advised in early 1963; there was no way Moscow could keep up.

When Reagan announced for the presidency years later, in 1979, the KGB wrote a secret analysis of Reagan the man. Unlike Kennedy, whom they considered prone to changing his mind, Reagan got grudging respect from the KGB. He was "a firm and unbending politician for whom words and deeds are one and the same."

Once he was elected president, Reagan outlined ambitious plans to undermine and defeat the Soviet Union in a series of secret directives. Nothing quite like it had ever been undertaken in the history of the Cold War. Using economic, military, and psychological pressure, he developed a plan to defeat the Soviet empire.

Throughout he demonstrated tremendous resolve. He enacted the largest peacetime military build-up in American history, even though the plan was opposed by the majority of his cabinet. Early in his administration, William P. Clark and Tom Reed came to him to explain the super-secret Continuity of Government program. In place since the Eisenhower administration, COG was a plan to evacuate the president from the White House in the event of a nuclear war. Both Clark and Reed could sense Reagan's discomfort as they described the program, particularly the part about being hustled away on a helicopter to a safe location. When Reed was finished Reagan shook his head.

"No, I'm not going to do that," he told them. "If it happens—God forbid—I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here at my post." The two men left and were forced to revise America's nuclear war-fighting plans.

Reagan developed an ambitious strategy and then stuck to it. Even during the heights of Gorbymania, there was very little change in the substance of his policies. Reagan was quite simply immovable, much to the frustration of the Kremlin. "No matter what diplomatic tack Moscow examined or actually took," recalls Ambassador Dobrynin, "the Reagan administration proved impervious to it. We came to realize that in contrast to most presidents who shift from their electoral rhetoric to more centrist, pragmatic positions by the middle of their presidential term, Reagan displayed an active immunity to the traditional forces, both internal and external, that normally produce a classic adjustment."

How we choose to look at the Cold War will determine how we face the strategic challenges of the war on terrorism. If we study JFK, we can learn about how to react to a crisis and the art of "crisis management." By studying Reagan, we can learn how to forge a strategy of victory and to defeat our enemies.

So as the television cameras carry 40th anniversary reruns of *Thirteen Days* with images of a resolute JFK, don't imagine that you are watching the apotheosis of Cold War toughness. Think back instead to Gdansk, Poland, on a rainy day in September 1990. Ronald Reagan is at the birthplace of Solidarity, standing in front of a crowd of thousands who are chanting "Thank You! Thank You!" while serenading him with "Sto Lat," a song in honor of Polish heroes. Lech Walesa's former parish priest approaches Reagan with a sword. "I am giving you the saber," he tells the former president, "for helping us to chop off the head of communism." ♦

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- Beef Stroganoff (page 211)
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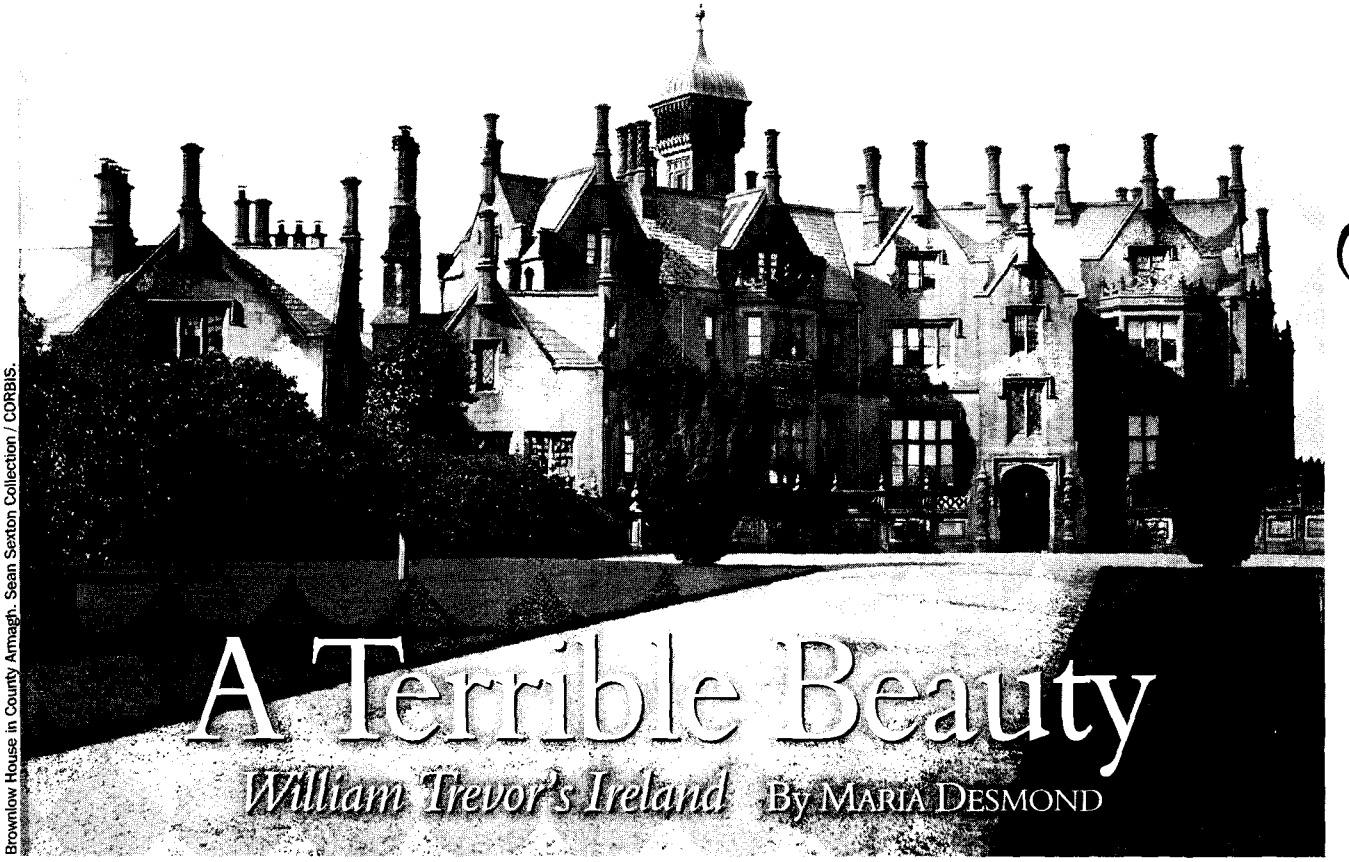

Brownlow House in County Armagh. Sean Sexton Collection / CORBIS.

A Terrible Beauty

William Trevor's Ireland

By Maria Desmond

William Trevor's latest novel is more than a tale of colonialism and dispossession. Spanning some seventy years, from the old Ireland of the 1920s to the new Ireland of the 1990s, *The Story of Lucy Gault* begins when Lucy is "still eight but almost nine" and follows her from the paradise of her childhood through tragedy and loss into old age.

Shaped by "a great and unexpected calamity," Lucy's life has become—the narrator explains—the subject of many stories told about the time of the Troubles, a legend "waiting to pass into myth." But the true story is a quieter, more complex one that transcends tragedy and history. *The Story of Lucy Gault* is a haunting novel of great beauty and Trevor's most poetic work.

Born in County Cork in 1928, Trevor has lived in England since 1953, but he returns repeatedly to Ireland in his fiction. Because of the peripatetic nature of his father's job as a bank manager, Trevor grew up in small towns all over Ireland, living the life of a "middle-class gypsy." Not surprisingly he has an unerring eye and ear for things Irish. Ireland's history and its continuing effect on lives, both private and public, is a recurring theme in his work. Yet, Trevor does not have designs on his readers: "I wrote about the North because I actually am very fond of it," he once explained.

> My mother came from County Armagh, and I lived there for a little while, and there was something very sad about what suddenly happened, and again I wanted to know more about it and I began to write. I wrote short stories about the North first of all. But I wasn't doing it to say anything about it. I was doing it because I thought of these stories. I thought of a story called "Beyond the Pale" about a group of English tourists who happen to find themselves in Northern Ireland. They see what I saw as I wrote it, and they see the misunderstandings that outsiders do.

The Story of Lucy Gault
by William Trevor
Viking, 288 pp., $24.95

Trevor is, by his own admission, primarily a writer of short stories, and he brings to his novels a short story's intensity and poetic unity. His first novel, *A Standard of Behaviour*, was barely noticed when it was published in 1958.

Much has changed in the years since. Trevor is now widely acclaimed as perhaps the greatest living writer in English, and he has garnered numerous awards both in Europe and America. English bookmakers have made his latest the odds-on favorite to win this year's prestigious Booker Prize—as is appropriate, for *The Story of Lucy Gault* is not a regional novel of merely historical interest.

Trevor understands that while history may touch lives and change them, what people everywhere remember and tell stories about are the "births and marriages and deaths, domestic incidents, changes and additions to this room or that, occasions of anger or reconciliation."

The novel unfolds like a musical composition through six movements. It opens with a gunshot on Midsummer's Night in 1921, during the time of the Troubles, when some Anglo-Irish landowners were being forced by radical republicans to leave their homes and return to the England that had not been their home for some two or three hundred years.

A native of Ireland, Maria Desmond is a writer and translator living in Belgium.

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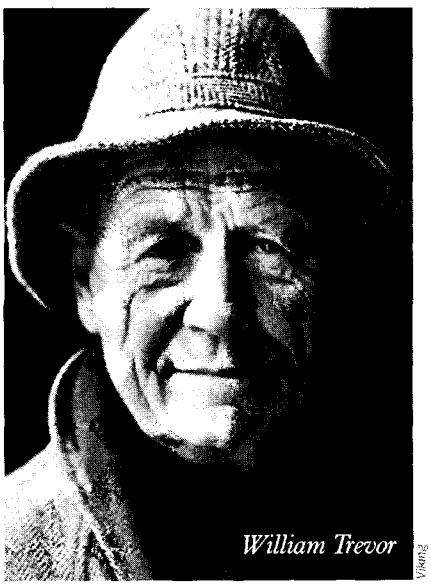
Trevor focuses on one of these families, the Gaults. Centuries before, they had come from Norfolk to settle in East Cork, near the sea, in a big house called Lahardane. It was their home—or so they thought, until some local boys, fed on stories about past atrocities and the glory of dying for Ireland, attempt to set fire to the house. In self-defense, Captain Gault shoots and slightly wounds one of them, a boy called Horahan. Hardly of moment in the official history of the times, this incident sets in motion a train of events that radically change life at Lahardane and shape the story of young Lucy, the last of the Gault line.

The Gaults, however, are not mere victims of history. Trevor's characters never are; though living in a world of happenstance, they define themselves by the choices they make. The accidental shooting becomes pivotal because it affects the deep bond the Gaults have with this place they call home. Lucy's father, Everard, belongs nowhere else: "All this—the house and the remnants of the pasture land, the seashore below the pale clay cliffs, the walk along it to the fishing village of Kilauran, the avenue over which the high branches of the chestnut trees now met—was as much part of Everard Gault as the features of his face were."

He sees his destiny as lying in this place, but the shooting leads him to another choice and another destiny—for even greater than his love for Lahardane is Everard's love for his wife, Heloise. Trevor's choice of names underlines the centrality of this love. Heloise is an Englishwoman whose sense of belonging in Ireland is rather fragile. When the house is attacked, she is convinced that she is the cause: "All this has happened because I'm here. Because I am an English wife at Lahardane." She insists on leaving Lahardane and Ireland, afraid for the future and for their young child, Lucy.

Caught up in their own concerns, the parents do not realize the extent of eight-year-old Lucy's anguish. She too loves this place and doesn't want to leave; in an attempt to force her parents to stay, she runs away. Many years later Lucy acknowledges that when she ran away, she was in love "with trees and rock pools and footprints in the sand." Other characters too comment on this deep connection she had with the place: "There isn't a shell on the strand she doesn't have affection for. It is how she is. . . . Always was." Place defines the characters' actions and lives and is a crucial actor in the story that unfolds.

A sequence of chance events worthy of Thomas Hardy's universe ensures that Lucy is not found after she runs away while her parents are preparing their departure from Ireland. Concluding that she has drowned, her devastated parents leave Lahardane, hoping that "time and circumstance would arrange their lives as in exile so many other lives had been arranged." Together, Everard and Heloise, like lost lovers, wander through Europe, settling for many years in Italy, finding some consolation in its art and music. Everard, though anxious about Lahardane and Ireland, remains ever the faithful husband, all other loves subsumed into pleasing his wife. Heloise resolutely refuses contact with the place that has robbed her of her child and peace of mind. And so they live, unaware that their daughter has been found alive. Their whereabouts remain a mystery, and all efforts to contact them fail. Lucy grows up in Lahardane, a lonely girl cared for by the ever-faithful servants, Bridget and Henry, blaming herself for what has happened.


William Trevor

Another chance event opens up the possibility of happiness for Lucy when a young man comes to the door having lost his way. Ralph, who is a tutor to some neighboring children for the summer, becomes a frequent visitor and falls in love with her. Lucy, however, doesn't consider herself to be worthy of love, cannot put her past to rest until her parents return and forgive her. As in his great novella *Reading Turgenev*, Trevor here evokes all the sadness of love lost. In a scene resonating with a loss that will reverberate throughout later moments of her life, Lucy says goodbye to Ralph, and that avenue into another kind of future closes.

With the passing of time, Lucy grows ever more reclusive, becoming the lady in white whose tragic story is told and retold in the village. For much of the central section of the novel, she is seen by outsiders embroidering, "stilled, arrested in the drama there had been," like an Irish Miss Havisham. But the times are changing. The old hatreds that divided the Irish weaken, her mother dies abroad, her father returns to Lahardane. His return doesn't spell any release for Lucy and no great reconciliation takes place. Too much has been lost and Lucy remains petrified in her own self, having lost the ability to love. In this central section, the novel seems motionless, a familiar trait of Trevor's art.

Change comes, however, as Lucy moves through time and loss out of the hell of her own self, and comes to understand who she is and her place in the world. For in the world of William Trevor, redemption is still possible. It comes for Lucy, like the initial calamity, almost by chance and unbidden the day Horahan—the boy whom the father had wounded years before—comes to visit. His story unfolds in tandem with Lucy's, but in a minor key. His life too has been shaped by the shooting, but guilt has

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destroyed his sanity. Looking at him, Lucy sees that "no meaning dignified his return; no order patterned, as perhaps it might have, past and present; no sense was made of anything."

At this point of nothingness, she says "yes" to life—and the story of blighted lives becomes the story of Lucy Gault, the stuff of legend and myth. She accepts the past and begins the slow journey towards love and redemption, culminating in her decision to begin visiting Horahan in the mental hospital where he is now confined. For seventeen years she visits him until he dies. The story ends with that forgiveness rippling out beyond the edges of Lucy's world: Two nuns from the nearby town—younger, Irish, Catholic, seemingly completely other to Lucy—come to visit her, drawn by her tranquillity and her heroic act of forgiveness.

Crime and punishment are motifs throughout, the sins and follies of individuals as well as those of a nation. Lucy's story is caught up in the story of Ireland. Trevor, as he has in so many of his short stories and notably in "Beyond the Pale," maps the conjunction of the personal and the political. Everard Gault asks if his own personal tragedy isn't "punishment inflicted for those sins of the past to which his family might have contributed? Had it been greed that the Gaults had held their ground too long? While penal laws were passed there had been parties at Lahardane, prayers said in Church for King and Empire, the aspirations of the dispossessed ignored." As it's told and retold in the villages and townlands around, the story of Lucy Gault becomes one of many stories about the Troubles, "an archetypal story of distant crime and punishment." Both she and Horahan are victims of Ireland's history.

And yet, *The Story of Lucy Gault* is more than a tale of the tragedies of history, more than an allegory of settlers and dispossessed, Protestants and Catholics, Anglo-Irish and Gaelic-Irish. Trevor insists on the particularity of his story. It is one woman's triumph over calamity in a very particular place at a very particular time.

Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS

Sinn Fein rebels in 1920.

Trevor captures all that particularity exactly. Against the distant drums of time—from the Troubles down to the arrival of tourists and the Internet in the new Ireland—perfectly drawn characters live out their lives. We meet Canon Crosbie, the twinkling and concerned clergyman; Aloysius Sullivan, the anxious solicitor; Sister Mary Bartholomew, with a hair curling out of a mole on her chin; and Henry with the inexpressive face—"More goes on in a ham," as the locals say of him. Each speaks in a distinctive voice and in accents that Trevor weaves into his prose with just the right cadences and intonations.

Placenames ring through the book: Lahardane, Kilauran, Enniseala, and further away Dungarvan, Mitchelstown, Fermoy, and still further London, Montemarmoreo, Bellinzona. Four—and only four—precise dates mark the passage of time, not the significant dates of history, but those of Lucy's own story: June 21, 1921 (the day the house was attacked), September 22, 1921 (the day her parents left Ireland), August 5, 1936 (the day she invited Ralph to Lahardane), and March 10, 1949 (the day she learned Ralph was to marry another). This attention to the geography and history of the heart is a mark of that deep human sympathy that is Trevor's most abiding characteristic.

But the wider boundaries are of time itself, which hovers over the book. Trevor weaves this sense of time passing into the fabric of his prose. The summer of happiness with Ralph, thinks Lucy even as she is enjoying it, "will fade and turn into shadows, and voices will be murmurs you cannot hear." Time's different tones are picked up fugue-like throughout. Motifs appear and reappear, as the past echoes through the present leaving memories that time will turn into figments. Time is fickle, ever slipping out of people's grasp. It destroys and repairs: "Time has settled our hash for us," Everard says to Horahan towards the end of the novel.

Past, present, and future are placed in a kind of palimpsest—as when, on a hot summer's day in a museum in Italy, Everard Gault sees through Bellini's "marble columns and trees in leaf, blue and green and scarlet robes" to another place and time with "teacups on a rosewood table, and misty window-panes, coal blazing in a fireplace." The dominant chord is autumnal, underlined by such songs as "Down by the Salley Gardens" and "The Londonderry Air." Trevor captures all the poignancy of human beings moving through time.

Still, *The Story of Lucy Gault* is not a novel only about loss and sorrow.

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Trevor looks beyond to forgiveness, redemption, and affirmation. Lucy survives all that happens to her and all her own choices, foolish and wise. "She should have died as a child," she thinks to herself at the end of the novel, but is glad she didn't; the story of her early life is now a source of joy "because instead of nothing there is what there is."

What is the source of this affirmation? "Where did mercy come from when there should have been none left?" is the central question of this book.

The nuns who visit Lucy at the end think it's part of God's mystery, while Lucy thinks it's mere chance. But Trevor himself never says. This a novel that joins the line of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Keats's ode "To Autumn," Frost's "After Apple-Picking," and Joyce's "The Dead" as a moving acceptance of love gained and lost, opportunities missed, foolish choices, time passing, completion, endings—all that life brings.

In his final image of Lucy, now an old woman, touching familiar objects, musing about what has been and what will be and watching the falling of the day, Trevor affirms the music of what is: This is the way it is, it's the way she was, what happened simply did. ♦

Liberalism's Triumph...

thanks to American leadership.

BY GARY SCHMITT

Did September 11 change anything? Do the terrorist attacks and our response mark a new strategic era, or are they merely a temporary detour from a far more sanguine path of history?

If Michael Mandelbaum, foreign policy professor at Johns Hopkins's School of Advanced International Studies, is right, it would be a mistake to think we are seeing any serious change in the flow of modern history. Whatever problems al Qaeda and groups like it present, they do not define the future. To the contrary, they are best understood as a violent, reactionary response to the fact that history has left them behind.

The Ideas That Conquered the World
Peace, Democracy, and Free Markets in the Twenty-first Century
by Michael Mandelbaum
Public Affairs, 512 pp., $30

Fascism and communism are dead, while liberalism is ascendant—dominating international relations at the present moment and promising, Mandelbaum insists, to do so through the next century. The interlocking effect of free markets, liberal constitutions, and arms agreements has created "a democratic peace" that Mandelbaum argues has largely solved the basic security dilemma that states and peoples have faced since time began. If what Mandelbaum calls the "Wilsonian triad" has not exactly conquered the whole world, it has provided a prescription for establishing peace and stability more broadly, as well as an account of the underlying logic of where the world is headed—a kind of global "liberal theory of history."

In *The Ideas That Conquered the World: Peace, Democracy, and Free Markets in the Twenty-first Century*, Mandelbaum makes this case in a serious, sustained, and scholarly manner. Even for those who disagree with the book's larger thesis, it remains a valuable primer on many of the key issues in international affairs today. And, despite the bold claims of the volume's title, Mandelbaum is not so Pollyannaish as to suggest that the Wilsonian triad has taken hold everywhere or that real problems do not remain to be addressed. Russia and China are still outside liberalism's firm grasp (Russia lacking a truly free market, and China missing political freedom). And the Middle East is a cauldron of illiberal regimes held together by fear and inhabited by populations whose dominant sentiment is unmitigated resentment toward the West.

The "tyranny of culture" explains why some states are ahead of others when it comes to installing Wilson's triad. Nevertheless, the solution in each case remains regime change, grounded in the formula that free markets make free men who, in turn, make peace. Indeed, according to Mandelbaum, it was precisely "the widespread failure to install the institutions and practices of liberalism" that produced the dynamics that ultimately led to "the assaults on New York and Washington of September 11." While Mandelbaum and President Bush might disagree about the particular strategies for addressing the problems of the Middle East, they agree about the fundamental proposition that the solution lies not in paying deference to the region's heritage but overcoming it.

What isn't exactly clear in *The Ideas That Conquered the World*, however, is how all this is to come about. On the one hand, Mandelbaum appears to concede a central role to the policies and statecraft of the United States; Washington "bears the heaviest responsibility for defending and sustaining the global institutions and practices that embody the Wilsonian triad."

On the other hand, in describing how liberalism has emerged victorious over its past century's illiberal competitors and how it will extend its reign in the century ahead, Mandelbaum places considerable weight on the effectiveness of liberalism as a kind of "impersonal force" that has conquered the world more by its example

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of effectiveness than by armed force. And, indeed, much of the book's analysis of where we go from here is informed by the general proposition that, given America's preeminence in all things related to power, the real danger to liberalism's maintenance and continued spread is shortsighted policymaking on the part of Washington. Essentially, the United States can slow down the global march of liberalism—by acting unilaterally economically or militarily, by aggravating relations with Russia through NATO's continuing expansion, etc.—but it can't do much about speeding up the spread of liberalism.

But in this contrast between the specific importance of American statecraft and the general power of liberalism as an impersonal force of history, Mandelbaum overstates the case for impersonal history in the twentieth century's defeat of fascism and communism—and, consequently, in its role for the future. To take but one example, he claims, "Democracy, like other innovations, diffused from its point of origin [Great Britain, the United States, et. al.] to other places because it appeared successful, was therefore attractive, and so was voluntarily adopted. The spread of democracy is a striking but not unusual instance of cultural diffusion." To some extent this is true, but in key instances—Japan, Germany, South Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines—it is obviously not the whole or even the primary story.

Mandelbaum captures with considerable scholarship and clarity the general underpinnings of current international relations and the possibilities for the future. But he shies away from the hard fact that liberalism's victory rests as much on American power and statecraft as on the principles themselves. Even Woodrow Wilson assumed that his agenda for transforming world politics required some mechanism of enforcement. Yet Mandelbaum can't bring himself to admit that—as powerful as the example of liberalism has been and will continue to be—its success is tied to the past and continued assertion of American leadership. ♦

Theodore Roussel, *The Reading Girl* (1886). "Exposed" Exhibition.

Revealing Women

Judy Chicago returns to New York.

BY THOMAS M. DISCH

If you're old enough to have voted for Bella Abzug or Ronald Reagan, then you may remember the great to-do surrounding the unveiling, in 1979, of Judy Chicago's cause célèbre, *The Dinner Party*. That assemblage of thirty-nine vulviform table settings was denounced and hosannahed, the standard to whose bright stripes partisan armies marched to their *Kulturkampf*. After years of wandering the desert, the work has at last found a permanent home in the Brooklyn Museum, where it now appears in conjunction with a Judy Chicago retrospective from Washington's National Museum of Women in the Arts.

Thomas M. Disch's latest book is The Castle of Perseverance: Job Opportunities in Contemporary Poetry *(University of Michigan Press).*

Curiously, to see *The Dinner Party* these days is to realize what a mild and simple thing it really is—and always was. It's gorgeous enough that any resemblance of its crockery to women's sexual organs is as little cause for taking umbrage as phallic metaphoric power is reason for deploring the Eiffel Tower or Churchill's cigars. Though Chicago wants us to read her designs as shorthand for the whole panoply of things womanly, the real question is whether her distinctive variations reward sustained and close attention.

To judge by the work's cumulative million-plus attendance figures, the answer seems to be yes. Chicago has consistently asserted that *The Dinner Party* is not just a work of art but a political act, a kind of one-woman parade for the cause of all Womankind, especially those female geniuses who have been

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denied their place at the table where money, immortal fame, and other such perks are handed out. Her thirty-nine-woman pantheon is meant to begin to correct that age-old imbalance by giving equal time to worthy women, beginning with the nameless "Primordial Goddess" and concluding with Virginia Woolf and Georgia O'Keeffe.

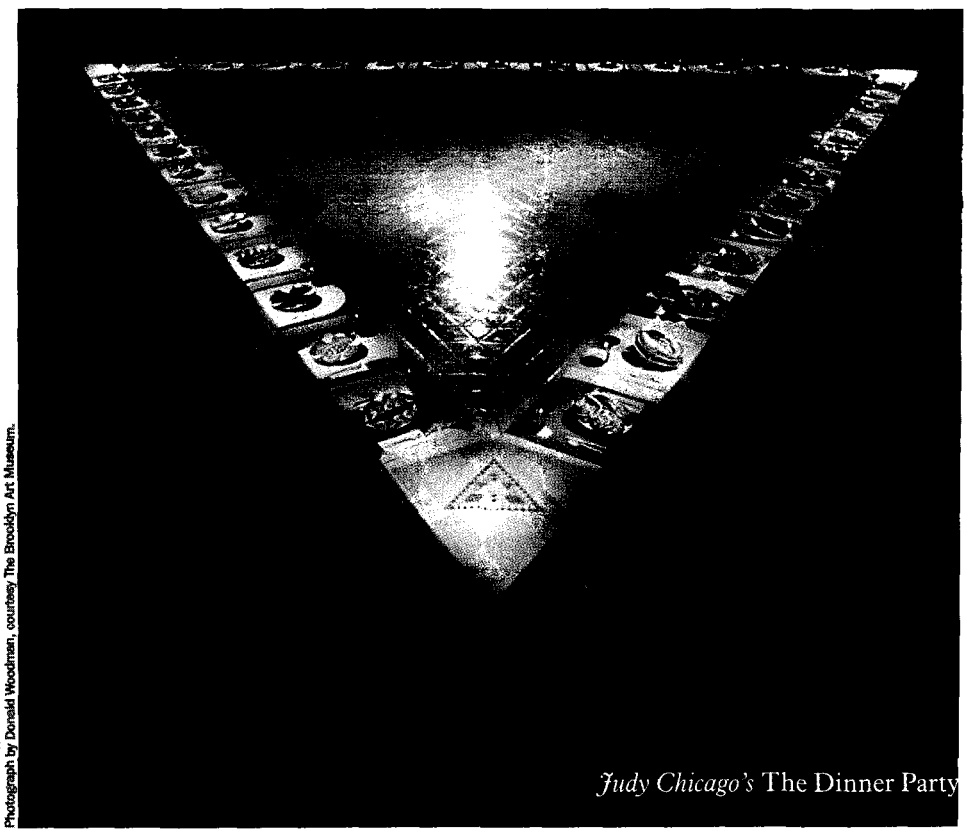
One must applaud Chicago's good intentions, observing at the same time the ways in which she has stacked the deck herself: Among the famous ladies who don't have a place at Chicago's table are Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Catherine the Great, Clara Schumann, and Nadia Boulanger (bumped by Ethel Smyth for the chair in Music), the two Georges (Sand and Eliot), Jane Austen, and Lady Murasaki. Chicago has a reluctance to include women whose fame derives from their association with famous men, whether by way of marriage, motherhood, or murder (although the biblical Judith does find a place).

But as the political agenda has faded, what remains is the work itself. And, without the old culture wars raging around it, the viewer can now see how superbly Chicago's teams of ceramicists and needlewomen realized her designs. The museum's gift shop should offer replicas of the individual pieces. I would get a whole set of the faux majolica platters made for Isabella d'Este. I'd also be tempted by the quatrefoil array of colored goop (like the squeezings of tubes of paint) that honors Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. Each plate rests on its own placemat, and many of those are equal to plates they support, especially in the earlier centuries, when the cloths offer their own droll tributes to the arts of the loom and the needle.

One of the least-remarked features of *The Dinner Party* is its sense of humor. Her old culture-wars opponents and supporters adopted Chicago's own official tone of earnest preachment. But up close, *The Dinner Party* is a steady succession of little jokes and sly allusions as the artist and her atelier do their riffs on the history of Western Art (as the omission of Lady Murasaki might suggest, the women of the East are kept in purdah still). There is a further drollery in the work's sheer overweening ambition, which is nothing less than to replicate the entire project of World Art, to reappropriate it, so to speak, from the hands of usurping men. But drollery at that level of ambition is the stuff from which Divine Comedies are made—another long-term project notable for its sheer chutzpah.

A second reason for non-indigenes to venture out to the Brooklyn Museum is the show that recently opened in the adjoining gallery. Early reviews of "Exposed: The Victorian Nude," the paintings and sculptures sent on tour by London's Tate Gallery, indicate that the exhibition has touched the same nerve as "Sensation," when that show opened in Brooklyn two years ago. This time the critics are upset that mid-century Victorians don't measure up to the standard set by "Courbet, Degas, and Renoir" (the complaint of Jerry Saltz in the *Village Voice*).

Hilton Kramer in the *Observer* was no less dismissive, excoriating in particular William Etty's meretricious *Canaules, King of Lydia, Shews his Wife by Stealth to Gyges*. Kramer is right that Etty's work is a turbid botch that fails to provoke even a prurient interest, but the show contains a fair number of paintings that do succeed at that basic task—and do so with a veneer of high-mindedness that is *echt* Victorian. "Exposed" is a peep-show of the Victorian mind in much the way that Peter Gay's books on that subject are, and its lesson is much the same: The Victorians were human and liked sex, just like us. If you doubt that, check out the gallery next door. Judy Chicago's complicitous winks require a different decoder, but she winds up with the same moral to her story: Sex is real and sex is earnest, and the grave is not its goal.



Photograph by Donald Woodman, courtesy The Brooklyn Art Museum.

Judy Chicago's The Dinner Party

"Exposed" is fun, and big without being wearying, and strikes a reasonable balance between lubricious calendar art (such as Alma-Tadema's reclining nude with an exquisitely rendered ostrich feather preserving her modesty) and nudes at a level that Kenneth Clark might have approved (such as Watts's

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heroic bronze bust of Clytie, a woman metamorphosing into a sunflower, with her head twisted almost 180 degrees to keep the setting sun in view). Most of the work on view straddles these extremes, since it is a rare painter who can divest the nude of *all* erotic interest (although Gwen Johns comes close in her clinical *Nude Girl* of 1909).

Until recently, England lacked a vital tradition of painting the nude. The dissolution of the monasteries and the iconoclasm of the Civil War period helped create a civic environment in which the human figure was devalued. The nation had, at least in the eighteenth century, capable portraitists and painters of landscapes, animals, and genre scenes. But the "Exposed" show reveals the technical problems English painters were up against in painting the nude: a dark-hued palette better suited to landscape, an awkwardness in capturing body language (a language that may differ in England as its weather and costumes differ), and a lack of practice in producing wares little in demand.

From whatever medley of these causes, the artists of England failed at the challenge of the nude, and those who failed worst were often those who tried hardest. Rossetti and Burne-Jones in their different ways aspired to be Italian, but both failed in ways that no French or Italian artist of their time would have. It may be the wisdom of hindsight to expect the Victorians to heed the examples of Degas and Renoir, but there were a host of French academic painters—Ingres, chief among them—who could have given them lessons. And, indeed, this show is the fruit of that instruction, so far as it went. The more ambitious youths who could afford to cross the Channel would apprentice themselves in a Paris workshop. After a year or two making drawings or plaster casts of classic statuary and haunting the right *boîtes*, they might acquire a certain *savoir faire*. (Witness the facility won in Paris by the American Victorian recently showcased at the Metropolitan Museum, Thomas Eakins.)

The level of technical execution among the sculptors in "Exposed" seems consistently higher than that of the painters. The show offers a range of bronze and marble nudes of unexceptionable craftsmanship, though mostly of unexceptional vision. There is an exquisite bronze figurine of Circe, standing bolt upright, arms and fingers extended before her as she zaps men into beasts. Like a Venus of Rubens, *Circe* straddles the line between high art and low titillation. If there were more *Circes* on hand in Brooklyn, the show might actually have excited the kind of "Ban This Insult to Womanhood!" foofaraw that makes for good box office.

As it is, "Exposed" offers an instructive view of works that are usually tucked away in museum basements or exiled to faraway vaults. This might be the right occasion for finally reading Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* or Du Maurier's *Trilby*, novels that echo and embody an aesthetic that has become all but inapprehensible to modern eyes and ears.

For a show as au courant as "Exposed" is passé, one could not do better than Joan Mitchell's dynamite retrospective, which just left the Whitney to tour in Birmingham, Fort Worth, and Washington, D.C. Mitchell is the Last of the Mohicans of Abstract Expressionism, having kept painting to a later date than all the other major players. Officially she is accounted "second generation," having joined the movement in its heyday in 1950, but she was then only twenty-four.

Artists who arrive on the scene in the midsummer of a movement, when all the work of springtime has been accomplished—artists like Raphael or Turner—have a chance, if they are quick learners, to begin their careers as old masters. It gives them an enormous initial advantage, though it can make for monotonous retrospectives. Mitchell was a wonderful painter when she was twenty-six, and pretty much the same wonderful painter at thirty-six, forty-six, fifty-six, and sixty-six—until mortality caught up with her and she died in 1992 in Paris, the city she'd adopted forty years earlier.

No other action painter, not even Pollock, seems so energetically and exuberantly athletic. Mitchell's teenage accomplishments as a champion tennis player, figure skater, and diver are as relevant to the career she was to pursue as whatever formal training she received in the art of draftsmanship. Painting for her exercised the whole body, a way of dancing with brushes.

Mitchell's privileged existence and sheer good luck began with her parentage. Her mother, the daughter of a noted Chicago structural engineer, was co-editor of *Poetry* magazine, her father a society doctor. She went to the best schools, married Barney Rosset (soon to be publisher of Grove Press), and moved to France, where she commandeered the love of Canada's leading abstract expressionist, Jean-Paul Riopelle, a man who could share her passion for painting without exceeding her talent.

It was the life of an empress, and she painted on an imperial scale. Mitchell inherited the tools of her art fully evolved, with none of the angst or uncertainty that colored the work of Abstract Expressionism's originating genuises. Her paintings are big, filling the museum's galleries, floor to ceiling, wall to wall.

One has to wonder for whom such paintings are painted. Are there giants who might hang them over their gigantic sofas? To properly appreciate Mitchell's mural-like canvases one should see them as one sees Chartres's windows, blazing with light, the immense backdrop of imposing ceremonies. If museums are the cathedrals of our secular age, then Mitchell's canvases are complete only when they silhouette a slow procession of well-dressed museum visitors.

As to the formal character of the paintings, there is little that can be said, except for those airy bromides which non-objective art elicits from critics straining to have an original thought about the color blue of a certain size and intensity laid across a ground of speckled white. But perhaps this much can be said of these paintings: If much of Matisse can be summed up in the borrowed title of one of his paintings, *Luxe, Calme, et Volupté*, Mitchell's might be characterized as *Luxe, Violence, et Volupté*. Her art is American as apple pie or the gunfight at the OK Corral. ♦

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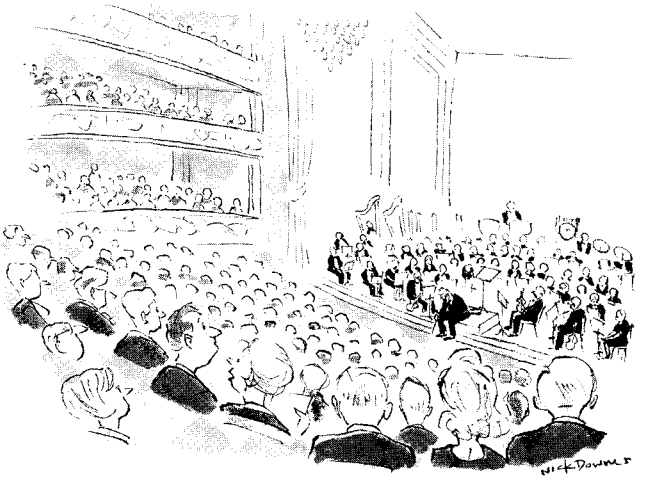

"It's Schubert's unstarted symphony."

Books in Brief

***The Normal One: Life with a Difficult or Damaged Sibling* by Jeanne Safer (Free Press, 204 pp., $24).** Some time into the presidency of John F. Kennedy, the public was told that his picture-book family included a retarded sister who was reared by the family to seem nearly normal. (This effort ended when a lobotomy, intended to reduce her anxieties, instead reduced her intelligence to a point at which she required permanent professional care.) But bad as this was, the family could afford special doctors and schools without struggle or sacrifice, and the sheer number of the normal Kennedy children diluted the impact.

Far more typical is the story of Michael Dukakis, whose brother suffered a breakdown in college, to the horror of his overachieving immigrant parents, who could not imagine what they did wrong. Michael, as Richard Ben Cramer informs us, "became in a matter of days, or weeks, something akin to an only child," the over-serious, workaholic, super-responsible "good son." Later, when Dukakis was running for the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in his long, careful climb up the ladder, his brother would trail his volunteers when they went leafleting, take their fliers out of mailboxes, and put in his own. "Do Not Vote for My Brother," these leaflets asserted. "Michael Dukakis is the Last Man to Vote for."

The birth of a difficult, damaged, or disabled child is a heartbreak for parents and a catastrophe for the child afflicted. But it is also a problem for the other children in the family. Jeanne Safer, author of *The Normal One*, is a psychotherapist with long experience. She was "the normal one," too, in real life. To this day, Safer is not sure what went wrong with her brother Steven, but by the time she was born, he was already established as different and difficult: fat, surly, defiant, and sullen, and given to great gusts of rage. At birth, Safer was given the job of being "the good one," whose achievements would make up to her parents for the trials they suffered and reaffirm their good opinion of themselves.

Safer's childhood, as she makes clear, was far from as bad as that experienced by some of the patients she treats. Some of her stories involve those, like her brother, who are somewhat off-normal. But there are also the greatly retarded, the severely disabled, the paralyzed, and the schizoid. Some cannot be left alone for a moment; some exhibit unbridled hostility. "It is hard to imagine the level of tumult, anxiety, and sheer effort that life in a damaged family requires," Safer asserts. "Home life is a series of little murders of privacy, pleasure, peace of mind."

A difficult child can become a hole into which all of a family's resources—emotional and financial—vanish. The normal ones in this context are often neglected, their triumphs uncelebrated, their problems dismissed as trivial. They may have feelings of resentment towards, or even death wishes for, the difficult sibling—and then feel guilty for having such feelings. Safer's advice to parents is to resist the urge to let these pathologies wholly take over their families, and to let their "normal ones" also be children. Her advice to the siblings is to stop feeling guilty, and to accept their bad—and good—fortune as chance. Safer writes on behalf of Michael Dukakis, and of the millions just like him. This is an overdue and important book.

—Noemie Emery

***The Question of God: C.S. Lewis and Sigmund Freud Debate God, Love, Sex, and the Meaning of Life* by Armand M. Nicholi Jr. (Free Press, 295 pp., $25).** Thirty years ago, Harvard asked psychiatrist Armand Nicholi to teach a course on the thought of Sigmund Freud. Nicholi's students quickly decided that while Freud may or may not have been a great man, he was tone deaf when it came to religion. This convinced Nicholi to look for and find a "perfect foil" in the great Oxford don C.S. Lewis. Group discussions "became much more engaging" thereafter.

The Question of God is both an extension of, and supplement to, that class. It's also the best piece of (unintentional) Freud-bashing since Frederick Crews published *The Memory Wars* in 1995. The book traces the ideas in each man's life. Readers get to see, for instance, Freud's prickly manner and

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morbid obsession with death contrasted with C.S. Lewis's much more joyful life and good end.

Nicholi argues that how we live our lives forms an important part of the debate between believers and unbelievers over whether or not there is a God. By setting up Lewis vs. Freud, however, it feels as though Nicholi has stacked the deck—for Freud was a deeply odd and contradictory human being: a prude with a dirty mind, an atheist obsessed with the Almighty, an egomaniac who loudly proclaimed his own humility. If Freud's life and corpus are the best arguments in favor of unbelief, we are all doomed to a life of faith.

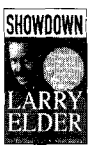
—Jeremy Lott

***Invasion: How America Still Welcomes Terrorists, Criminals and Other Foreign Menaces to Our Shores* by Michelle Malkin (Regnery, 332 pp., $27.95).** Malkin mercilessly catalogues and classifies the various unsavory types allowed into the United States daily by lax immigration policies and corrupt INS agents: would-be terrorists, serial killers, cop slayers, and more besides. Dishonest immigration lawyers and self-serving bureaucrats are also Malkin's target. "America's historic generosity toward the salt of the earth," she writes, "has been exploited ruthlessly by the scum of the earth." A full-fledged salt-of-the-earth type herself (it is impossible to get within a ten-foot radius of *Invasion* without being told that she is the daughter of "patriotic, level-headed, and hard-truth-telling" Filipino immigrants), Malkin is righteously indignant about our current irresponsible policy. That lends the book its shocked-and-appalled tone, but it doesn't interfere with some lighter moments, such as the reference to visa agents in Miami international airport as "stamp monkeys," or cutesy chapter titles such as "It Ain't Over 'Til the Alien Wins."

What *Invasion* lacks is evidence that Malkin's suggestions would be more effective at fixing the system than competing proposals or less subject to unforeseen problems than the status quo. A nine-page chapter at the end of the book throws out eleven policy prescriptions that are, at best, obvious. She suggests that we institute a targeted visa moratorium, scrap visa-free travel, militarize the borders, clean house at the INS, and end deportation delays. The careful attention Malkin lavishes on present corruptions is absent from the whirlwind final chapter of proposals for the future.

Still, the book shows well the extent of the problem that must be addressed. You may have thought you knew how bad things are—but read *Invasion* and find out that you had no idea.

—Katherine Mangu-Ward



***Showdown: Confronting Bias, Lies, and the Special Interests that Divide America* by Larry Elder (St. Martin's, 352 pp., $24.95).** Confronting "victocracy"—the reign of a self-perpetuating, government-dependent class of citizens—is the principal aim of *Showdown*, the second book by talk-show host and syndicated columnist Larry Elder.

Although largely a second helping of the themes addressed in his first book, the bestseller *The Ten Things You Can't Say in America*, *Showdown* situates the welfare state, gun control, and public education in relation to the events of September 11 and the subsequent war on terrorism. Never, according to Elder, has there been a more opportune time for the American government to make a polite exit from the lives of its citizens. There is now overwhelming evidence that government's preoccupation with satisfying domestic demands occurs at the expense of national security.

Encapsulating Elder's plea for self-reliance is the tale of Mohammed Isaq, a burka salesman in Afghanistan—and the most endearing personality portrayed in *Showdown*. Lacking the luxury of government-backed loans and cash advances, the salesman frankly considers the future of his business, which now operates in a post-Taliban Afghanistan where the wearing of burkas by women is no longer mandatory. "My business will die," he says. "I will just have to find something else to do." For the sake of national security and the legacy of American individualism and self-determination, Elder requests that Isaq's American contemporaries approach life with a similar attitude.

—Sara Henary

***Let Freedom Ring: Winning the War of Liberty over Liberalism* by Sean Hannity (Regan, 338 pp., $25.95).** Near the beginning of *Let Freedom Ring*, Sean Hannity proposes that we build "a Museum of Modern Left-Wing Lunacy—a place like the Smithsonian or the Guggenheim where, instead of coming to see great art or artifacts, people can come to see great examples of contemporary liberal idiocy."

Exhibits could include John Kerry's accusation that the CIA was responsible for crack cocaine in Los Angeles, or the proposed national history standards that mentioned the Ku Klux Klan seventeen times, McCarthyism nineteen times, and George Washington only in passing. And then there's the school district in Wisconsin that banned the "The Star Spangled Banner" because, as one educator put it, "mandating patriotism is a really scary thing."

Let Freedom Ring is replete with such examples, but Hannity also holds forth on issues—including abortion, the environment, and national security—in which he discerns the undesirable consequences that result when political correctness trumps traditional moral values. Much of the book is familiar territory, but it is a breezy read made all the more enjoyable by the zest of Hannity's arguments.

—Rachel DiCarlo

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Senate

DEBATE OVER RESOLUTION ON THE USE OF FORCE AGAINST IRAQ
FLOOR REMARKS OF SENATOR ROBERT BYRD (WEST VIRGINIA)

sent over from the other chamber. But I think it is not ungermane to recall in this chamber the grand story of the Magna Carta. It was on the island of Runnymede, on June 15, 1215, that the lords of England—the barons! the aristocratic families!—did seek to rein in the power of the king. King Henry IV!

And so is it with us few who stand here on the floor of this great body as Horatio stood at the bridge over the Tiber—I believe it was on the 13th day in the month of Mars by the old Roman calendar, two-hundred-aught-six Anno Domini. Horatio, like the few of us here today, stood in defense of high principle. And in this way we stand in defense of the Constitution. The Constitution! Written by Madison, Jay, Hamilton, and all the rest in Philadelphia, which lies at the 41st degree latitude, and comprises the largest city in the state of Pennsylvania.

Perhaps they at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue have never read the Constitution. But I keep it in my breast pocket next to my vanity mirror. For I have served the Constitution—I, Robert C. Byrd. "C" is the third letter of the alphabet, between "D," which is the first letter of "democracy," and "B," which is the first letter of "blowhard." And so let me take this opportunity to cite Livy, who in his fourth discourse declares, "Crescat Orthodontia, Vita Tomi Lasorda." Which is a strong warning against those in the White House who would seek to usurp the war-making powers of this body, to which I have devoted my post-Kleagle life.

Yes, we few, we happy few—to cite Petrarch—we stand against the onslaught of the mighty tide. And I say to my Right Honorable friends as Caesar said to his friend Brutus on the way to the forum, "Why the rush?" Why do we shut off debate, for my vanity knows no bounds and the sound of my own voice does thrill me like a summer breeze.

And did I mention Runnymede? Where Cromwell fought Charles II—Charles II!—on February 16, 1642. I have other dates in my head and I could go on. And I think I will, for my egotism knows no bounds, and if I wasn't a senator I'd be alone at Denny's eating dinner at 4:30

the weekly Standard
October 21, 2002

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Reinventing Foreign Aid in the National Interest

Larry Diamond is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution and a professor by courtesy of political science and sociology at Stanford University.

September 11 brought home to Americans the need for a relentless global assault on terrorist networks and lawless regimes. But our national security also requires a global assault on poverty and development failure. Stagnant and failing states not only breed and harbor terrorism but also generate and spread civil wars, drug trafficking, organized crime, environmental catastrophe, infectious diseases, and refugee flows.

These diverse security threats spring from the failure of scores of countries in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Middle East to achieve vigorous, sustainable, and broadly distributed development. The threat to global order does not come from poverty alone. It comes from states that do not function well in the public interest. And it stems from the frustration and humiliation of people who see their countries stagnate in corruption and injustice while Europe and America prosper.

Countries need help to develop, but the past approach—providing tens of billions of dollars in aid with no clear standards of performance—has not worked. Although aid has helped to improve health and living standards, it has failed to get at the root of underdevelopment. The core obstacle to economic development is not a lack of resources. It is bad—corrupt, abusive, wasteful, unaccountable—governance. **The key to generating development and building a more enduringly secure world is improving the way countries are governed.**

This key insight is now leading the Bush administration to reinvent foreign aid. This past March, President George W. Bush proposed the first significant increase in U.S. development assistance in a decade. The increased funds will go into a special Millennium Challenge Account, to be allocated to a limited number of countries that demonstrate a commitment to political and economic standards of good governance. President Bush proposes to provide $5 billion in additional funding by 2006 (a 50 percent increase over current development assistance).

A report that will soon be released by the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) goes further, seeing promoting effective democratic governance as central to fostering economic development. Hence, it proposes clearly linking foreign assistance to serious governmental reforms that will contain corruption and abuse of power. Where governments are truly rotten, the report suggests channeling assistance primarily through nongovernmental sources, working with other bilateral aid donors and multilateral aid agencies to establish clear governance standards for aid and coordinating pressure on bad, recalcitrant governments. Furthermore, it proposes to spend a larger portion of U.S. foreign aid on democracy and governance priorities: controlling corruption, institutionalizing the rule of law, invigorating political parties, and strengthening civil society.

This is the beginning of a new "tough love" approach to foreign aid. If we fund these initiatives adequately while holding to serious standards of governance, and if we pursue in other realms of our foreign policy the same commitment to promoting democracy and improving governance, we can turn the corner on poverty and hopelessness in the world, which would be a huge contribution to our national security.

— Larry Diamond

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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A world of ideas on public policy.

Improving Access to Innovative Medicines

by Henry A. McKinnell, Jr., Ph.D.

Trends of the past few years have drawn a great deal of attention to the research-based pharmaceutical industry, both positive and negative. On the positive side, the discovery of breakthrough medicines is making it possible to effectively treat an ever-wider range of health conditions. Increasingly, the substitution of new therapies for less effective and more invasive treatments *reduces the cost of being healthy* to individuals, to healthcare systems, and to society. As a result of advances in pharmaceutical therapy, people have choices and opportunities for healthy living that were previously unavailable.

The increasing use of medicines, however, has also led to increasing concerns about the affordability of new treatments. The growth in *spending* on prescription drugs has often been mistaken for growth in prescription *prices*. For the most part, spending has risen not because of rising prices but because the quantity of medicines people use has increased substantially. Furthermore, as advances in science such as the decoding of the Human Genome lead to further discoveries, and as the world's population ages, pressure for even greater use of medicines is likely to continue. A key challenge of the future will be to assure continued progress in discovering treatments for disease, while at the same time assuring access to needed medicines.

As the world's leading pharmaceutical research company, Pfizer takes a serious interest in these issues. We are concerned for the uninsured and those who cannot afford the medicine they need. We believe that the affordability of medicines must be addressed in a way that will allow people access to needed medicines while at the same time maintaining the incentive to search for new and better treatments and cures. While these issues are appropriately addressed by society at large, we recognize that we have a role to play as well.

Pfizer believes that people who need medicines should be able to obtain them, and we believe that a variety of creative public policies and private approaches can improve access without stifling innovation

Pfizer has a history of introducing our valuable new medicines at reasonable prices and of implementing only modest annual price increases. Over the past decade, after accounting for discounts to federal government buyers and Medicaid, Pfizer's annual price increases in the United States have averaged less than the annual rate of inflation as measured by the Consumer Price Index. Furthermore, in our global pharmaceuticals business, price change has on average been responsible for only a 1.2% increase in our annual revenues over the past five years. Volume growth has been substantially larger, underscoring the fact that what we have seen in the past few years is an explosion in the use of valuable medicines rather than in their prices.

Pfizer also has a strong tradition of providing our medicines to those with the greatest need. Our *Sharing the Care* and patient assistance programs provide our medicines at no charge to more than a million patients in the U.S. each year. Internationally, we are providing medicine, logistical support, medical expertise and training to address the critical healthcare needs of people in developing countries. And until a policy solution is enacted to address the need for improved coverage for seniors, we have established the *Pfizer for Living Share Card*, which is designed to help low-income U.S. Medicare beneficiaries who lack drug coverage. Patients in the U.S. whose income is at or below twice the federal poverty level may receive one-month prescriptions of most of Pfizer's medicines for only $15. Further information about this program can be obtained by calling, toll free, (800) 717-6005 or on the Internet at www.pfizerforliving.com. Although we recognize that this program does not provide a complete solution to the problem of inadequate coverage, we believe it is a promising model and we applaud other companies who have joined us in establishing similar programs.

We believe that people who need medicines should be able to obtain them, and we believe that a variety of creative public policies and private approaches can *improve* access without *stifling* innovation. However, finding these solutions will require new thinking and new approaches. We are committed to participating not only in the search for cures, but also in the search for policy solutions on which the health of current and future generations depends.

Henry A. McKinnell, Jr., Ph.D. is chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Pfizer Inc.

To read other articles in the series, visit www.pfizerforum.com

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